

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 2.

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About Town Matters IN ARLINGTON.

—"Three Kinds of Love" will be the subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday morning.

—"The Young People's Social Club enjoyed a very pleasant meeting with Miss Carrie Higgins, at Walnut St., last evening.

—"There will be a meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at Menotomy Hall, Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock. All be sure and come.

—"The residents on the left side of Jason street make good the absence of a concrete walk by laying a broad walk during the winter the length of the street.

—"Mr. C. H. Easte, who does tailoring at his home on Medford street, is a good workman. See his card in to-day's paper.

—"Mr. George Y. Wellington, one of our well known insurance agents, has distributed among his friends and patrons one of the most serviceable calendars of the season.

—"Now is the time to subscribe for the Advocate. We wonder if our readers realize that this makes the eighteenth year which this paper has been published.

—"The Ada Watson Mission Band will meet in the small vestry of the Baptist church to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, at two o'clock. The members are requested to be prompt in attendance.

—"One of the sign posts near the gates at the centre railroad crossing giving warning of danger, was broken off squarely at the base by the high winds, on Wednesday night.

—"We think every one who is a patron of the public library to any extent will rejoice in the acquisition of a new and complete catalogue.

—"Alewife brook, located at the extreme end of the town, was so overflowed with water consequent on the heavy rain of Sunday and Monday, as to resemble a rapid river.

—"Fear God and keep his commandments" will be the subject of the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., at the Congregational church, Sunday evening next, at six o'clock. Mr. J. Herbert Adam will lead the same.

—"The business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. occurred last evening at the Congregational church, but owing to the meeting on the same evening in the week of prayer series, it was adjourned to the following week, when a full attendance is requested.

—"Some of the finest specimens of the photographic art we have ever seen, were done at the studio of Mr. E. C. Litchfield, on Arlington avenue, for holiday gifts. They were alike remarkable for their artistic finish and as fine likenesses.

—"Rev. J. P. Forbes, of Taunton, will preach at the First Parish church on Sunday morning, exchanging with the pastor, Rev. A. M. Lord. As Mr. Forbes has many friends here he will probably have a large audience to address on Sunday.

—"Considerable annoyance has been caused at the Congregational church, Pleasant St., by the flooding of the cellar with water consequent on the frequent heavy rains this winter. It was pumped out this week by means of a force pump.

—"Editor McCall, of the Advertiser, has resigned his position on that paper to give proper attention to legislative and other duties, and his place has been supplied by the choice of Mr. Fred. H. Page, of Winchester, for several years on the editorial staff of the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—"The annual meeting of Eagle Hose Co. was held Monday evening, at which time the following officers were chosen: Foreman, G. W. Gilman; assistant, J. Luckley; clerk, G. E. Gilkey; steward, W. A. Fitzpatrick. After the meeting the company and friends sat down to an oyster supper and had a jolly time.

—"The beautiful new residence of Mr. Henry Swan, on Arlington avenue, will be opened next Tuesday evening to receive the local branch of C. L. S. C., of which Miss Grace Swan is a member. The committee has arranged an interesting and instructive programme for the occasion, the same being "Eyrion night."

—"The new catalogue of books in the Public library are ready for delivery. The entire work of producing this volume, type-setting, printing, and all, was performed in the Advocate office, and is a fine specimen of work all through, if we do say it. Its production will give our readers a good idea of the capabilities of our office.

—"Pattee's concert will be a success, as usual. Tickets for sale at Whittemore's.

—"Next Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, will be "ladies' night" at the club house of the Arlington Boat Club. These occasions are growing into popularity.

—"The ice merchants are beginning to feel rather blue.

—"The snow storm which was generally predicted proved to be a heavy rain storm on Sunday last.

—"On Tuesday, the weather that followed the storm of Sunday and Monday was like spring.

—"Next Friday evening, in Town Hall, occurs the annual coffee party of the temperance society connected with the St. Malachy church.

—"Hon. James F. Dwinell, of Winchester, Senator from this District is chairman of the joint committee of the Legislature on water supply. His long service on the water board of his town and his familiarity with all matters connected with the subject, makes his appointment one eminently fit to be made.

—"The original Smith family" in their rich costumes and unique songs, the side-splitting farce, "Paddle your own canoe" with music by an orchestra constitutes the next entertainment that the young people's Social Club will present. Next Wednesday evening is the time, and the Universalist vestry the place.

—"The service on Sunday morning was held in the vestry of the Pleasant street Congregational church instead of in the body of the church as usual. In consideration of the weather the attendance was remarkably good, and Rev. Dr. Clark preached an excellent sermon, taking as his text one appropriate to the new year.

—"Representative McCall, of this District receives a rich plume at the hands of the new speaker, nothing less than the House chairmanship of the first committee (the Judiciary) and also was assigned to draw the tickets by which the seats of members were assigned. There are indications that the representative from this District will exert considerable influence on the business of the session, and we feel sure it will always be in the interest of the public good.

—"Miss Post's dancing class of children met as usual on Wednesday afternoon. In the evening there was a meeting of the adult class and the occasion was made somewhat more of a social dancing party, than is always the case, the party not breaking up until eleven o'clock. In spite of the oppressive heat of the evening the party was an enjoyable one, there being a large number present for so stormy an evening. Several pleasing figures of the "German" were danced, and the evening was filled with a series of round dances. These gatherings are a very pleasant feature of the winter's social events.

—"President A. H. Richardson and the other officers of the Cotting High School Alumni Association are energetically preparing for the fifteenth annual reunion of this association. It will take place in Town Hall, Jan. 31, and will consist of a supper served at 7.45 o'clock, after which there will be addresses by Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett, Judge Parmenter and others. The closing feature will be a social dance under the direction of J. Howard Richardson's orchestra. The caterer will be Dooling, of Boston, and all points to this being the most successful reunion held for several years. Remit your assessments to William B. Wood, secretary.

—"There was a large attendance at the adjourned meeting of the Unitarian club, held Monday evening, in the parlor of the First Parish church. A constitution was adopted as reported by the committee appointed at the last meeting. For officers there were elected—President, John Q. A. Brackett; Secretary, Samuel H. Smith; Treasurer, Herman F. Buckman; there were also elected five vice-presidents, an executive committee of five, a reception committee of ten, and a lecture committee of five members. The meeting stand adjourned to Monday evening, Jan. 28th, and from that time meetings will be held on the last Monday of each month. We are sure the members of the Club are not the only ones to be benefited by this organization. The whole community will, to a certain extent participate, and for this reason, among others, we welcome this new addition to the social and educational advantages of Arlington.

—"Mr. Frederick L. Rich, formerly of this town was married in Gleanings, one of the villages of Lynn, Monday, Dec. 31. The bride was Miss Mary L. Pierce, of that place, and the ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce, Rev.

E. B. Schmidt, of the Episcopal church officiating. The marriage was celebrated before a company of about eighty friends and relatives, and the bride, was handsomely attired in white silk bridal robes with tulle veil. A sister of the bride, Miss Nettie Pierce, acted as bridesmaid and wore a pretty pink silk costume, and her brother, Mr. George W., was best man. A wedding supper was served after the ceremony and the remainder of the evening was spent in admiring the many rich and beautiful gifts received by the couple, and in offering congratulations. Among the gifts were several elegant ones from Arlington friends. Mr. and Mrs. Rich will reside at No. 15 Albion street, Dorchester, Mass.

—"The regular business meeting of the Arlington Boat Club was held at their club house, on Monday evening of this week. The vacancy in the vice-presidency caused by the resignation of Mr. F. M. Pettigill was filled at this time by the election of Mr. H. P. Pierce. This election in its turn made a vacancy in the board of trustees, which is composed of nine gentlemen, and Mr. John H. Bent, of Cambridge, was selected to complete the board. This constituted the business transactions of the meeting.

—"The difficulty which has long been experienced in the water way on Arlington Avenue at the junction of Jason and Mill streets; will in the future be remedied. Mr. Kimball, the superintendent of highways, has the past week caused a drain to be sunk on the avenue at the foot of Jason street on both sides of the street. These relieve the water flowing down the avenue and Jason street and conduct it, by means of drain-pipes laid across the avenue and down Mill street, as far as the overflow of Cutter pond; where it empties into the mill stream. This relieves the overflow which used to flood the avenue in front of the bakery and Robbins' estate and caused a surplus amount of water to be emptied into the culvert located near the town scales.

—"The residence of Theodore Schwamb Esq. was the scene of a brilliant gathering, Thursday evening, Jan. 10th, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter Clara to Mr. Walter H. Peirce, son of B. Horace Peirce; and a prominent merchant in the famous Farmers' Market, in Boston. The bride was attired in a white corded silk, with pearl passementerie and walking length with high corsage and carried a bouquet of Cornelia Cook roses. The groom was attended by Prof. Peter Schwamb, brother of the bride, while Miss Alice Peirce, sister of the groom acted as bridesmaid. Rev. C. H. Watson performed the ceremony in his usual pleasant manner. The house was tastefully decorated with masses of flowers and potted plants. An elegant supper was served by caterer Tufts, after which, and ample time for congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Peirce started for New York on an extended tour. The happy couple were the recipients of many numerous and costly presents.

—"The first in a proposed series of entertainments was given in the vestry of the Unitarian church last evening. An enjoyable musical program opened the entertainment, the first number being a selection by the Arlington Orchestra, rendered in good style. A brilliant piano solo was played by Miss Wilder, her fine and expressive execution winning a hearty encore, to which she responded with another equally fine number. Other features of this part of the entertainment was an effectively rendered cornet solo by Mr. Foster and a violin duet by Messrs. Rice and Bacon, tunelessly and tastefully played. Mr. Sylvester gave a charming selection on the harmonic bells accompanied by his sister Miss Sylvester, on the piano. An amusing farce was presented which concluded the program, entitled "Five written to Brown." The characters were all taken with much spirit and the efforts of those having a part were certainly appreciated by the audience as was attested by the loud applause which was accorded them. Mr. Parmenter was conspicuous for the drill manner in which he delineated the absurd character of Peregrine Dotts and created much amusement thereby. The following is the cast in full:—

I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWN.

Ordway Sheridan Brown, Harry Sylvester.
Peregrine Dotts, J. P. Parmenter.
Charles Hetherington, J. W. Bailey.
William, Fred. Damon.
Miss, Miss Damon.
Mrs. Walsingham, Miss Damon.
Laura, Miss Knowles.

—"Deacon Henry Mott, one of Arlington's best known citizens, gently breathed his last on Monday forenoon, after an illness of two or three weeks, during which there has been at no time any strong belief in his ultimate recovery. From his earliest young manhood, Mr. Mott has been a resident of Arlington, and in the infancy of market gardening here he was the driver of a market wagon to Boston, where he acted as salesman for the farmers employing him. For a long series of years he marketed for Mr. Walter Russell, and during this whole period of his life no one in and around the market was better or more favorably known than Mr. Mott, his reputation being "a man whose word is as good as a bond; whose honesty is beyond question." In this business Mr. Mott's methodical habits, prudent and economical ways enabled him to acquire considerable property, and finding the work of marketing too heavy, he abandoned it as a livelihood. In the leisure thus coming to him, many sought him, and as a guardian, trustee, and manager of different estates, he found ample em-

ployment. In 1873 the town called upon him to serve on the Board of Selectmen, and in 1878 he was again elected, serving continuously for five years. Prior to this, and afterwards, he served on the Board of Assessors, and for several years he was a member of the Water Board. In these various capacities he served the town's interests faithfully. When an effort was commenced, some forty-five years ago, to establish a Congregational church in this town, Mr. and Mrs. Mott were valuable aids, and it was one of the sterling pleasures of his life to contemplate the success of the enterprise started with such doubtful promise of accomplishing for itself a wide place in the community. In the work of the church he was ever active and efficient; in the Sunday school he was one of the most constant and beloved teachers; in its benevolences he was always a leader. It was natural under these conditions, that when a vacancy occurred in the office of deacon, by the death of the late John Field, that Henry Mott should be chosen as his successor, the vote by which he was declared elected being unanimous for him. The wisdom of the choice then made has been frequently demonstrated. He possessed a remarkably even temper, that nothing could ruffle, and it was ever a pleasure to hear his pleasantly modulated voice and witness his kindly smile in greeting any one, and nothing in public events ever seemed to mar the even tenor of his way. The great sorrow of his life came to Dea. Mott about ten years ago, in the sudden death of his wife, on Christmas day, and he felt sure his own end would come on the anniversary, but was content to wait the summons of the final messenger, though disappointed at the delay. His life was a busy, useful one, his influence, precept and example were along the best of most helpful lines, so that any regret at his loss must be tempered with a pleasant recollection of the life he lived, and thankfulness for the power for good he ever exerted in the place he called home. The funeral services were held at Dea. Mott's late residence, on Fiske place, yesterday afternoon, the house being crowded with relatives and friends, and prominent town officials and other citizens. Music was furnished by a quartette composed of Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Hall, Messrs. Myron Taylor and Geo. G. Allen, and Rev. Mr. Clarke assisted Rev. M. M. Cutter, a former neighbor, in conducting the services. The interment was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, in the laying out of which and care of the same, Dea. Mott took a lively interest.

—"Jan. 10th was a red letter day in local G. A. R. circles. In the afternoon the officers of the Relief Corps, No. 43 (the full list was published two weeks ago) were installed by Jr. Dept. Prst. Mary E. Knowles assisted by Emma F. Haskell and Carrie B. Thayer, in Bethel Lodge room, visiting delegations being present from Lynn, Woburn, Boston and Lexington, while a considerable delegation from Post 36 was also in attendance. The work of installation was splendidly performed, and the speech making which followed was interesting. The speakers being the installing officer, Mrs. Durgin, the new president of the Corps, Mrs. Amelia J. Parker, president of the Lynn Corps, and officers of Post 36. The editor of the Advocate was present and offered his congratulations. At the conclusion of the exercises, a fine collation was served. In the evening Post 36 had a public installation in Town Hall. The front centre was reserved for seats, arranged in lodge-room order, and around the comrades occupying these were gathered the Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans and a large number of citizens. The first officers and guests had seats on the platform. Sr. Vice Dept. Com. Geo. L. Goddard, of Medford, was installing officer, assisted by comrade Pierce. The ceremony completed, Past Commander Bacon stepped forward and in a few words introduced Lieutenant-Governor Brackett, to speak for him. The Governor was enthusiastically received as he came to the front and bowed his acknowledgment of the reception.

He spoke of the interest attending any public meeting of the G. A. R., because it awakened recollections of the causes which brought the organization into existence, and related pleasantly to the impressive ceremony of installation just completed, wishing the new officers the largest measure of success. This coming year, he referred to his last previous meeting with the comrades (at the dedication of the soldiers' monument, June 17, 1887) was most felicitous, as was also his reference to other memorials erected in honor of the great commanders. "He then went on to remark that "Each individual soldier should have his separate history written also. For the purpose of facilitating the accomplishing of this object, an appropriate record book has been prepared by a well known member of the military history of each member of the Post, together with the time and place of his birth and death, the memorial resolutions adopted upon the latter event, and other pertinent facts concerning him. The volume is durably and tastefully bound and embellished and appropriately inscribed: 'I am not here, however, as a canvasser to set forth its merits and solicit your subscriptions for it. I am here instead as one of several citizens of Arlington who have united in procuring the work for the purpose of presenting it to you. It is arranged that, purpose and in behalf of the donors, I now have the honor to present this Memorial Record to Francis Gould Post. The names of the donors are stamped upon the cover, and they will all feel honored to have their names thus handed down to future generations in conjunction with yours. We commit the volume to your custody, and trust you will make the use of it which is intended. Its pages are blank and unspiced. When your records are written upon them, we are confident that they will be as spotless as are these white pages now. We hope you will treasure it among your possessions as long as your Post shall occupy this, however, cannot be for so very many years. Neither your Post nor any other can, like the river, run on forever. The prolonged record, run on forever. The prolonged

RECEIVED ON FIFTH PAGE.

The heaven of annexation is working in Canada.

The United States is rapidly forging ahead as a first-class maritime power.

Germany is said to be very mad because France is lending money to Russia.

Philadelphia has just consecrated a church for deaf mutes—the only one in the world.

In the North eloquent stump speakers are now known as "spell-binders," after an organization recently started in New York.

Hop growing is on the decline in England, the area devoted to that crop in 1888 being eight per cent. less than during 1887.

After all the sanitary engineers have done, the average mortality of the cities is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the country.

There has been no time in the history of this country, asserts the Omaha Herald, when assassination was more rampant than now.

According to official information the Sudan trade before the troubles with the Mahdi's Arab followers began was worth \$10,000,000 a year to England.

The present Georgia Legislature contains more farmers than any of its recent predecessors. There are sixty-nine farmers in the House, against forty-six lawyers.

In Mexico the word God does not appear in the Constitution or laws. Consequently a constitutional protest which is equivalent to the oath of office is used at an installation of officials.

A Chinaman who, after several years' residence in this country, returned to China, has been telling his countrymen that the Americans worship a mysterious being who is called All-Mighty Dol Lar.

The highest death rate among white people in this country is 28.41 per thousand in New York, where there are 16.37 people to a dwelling. At Newark, N. J., with 7.26 people to the dwelling, the mortality is 16.49.

Says a New York expert in sporting matters: "There isn't a fight, wrestling match, running match, horse trot or sword contest on the square these days. Everything is 'cooked' before-hand, and 'cooked' to make money."

Says the New York Herald: "It was railways that contributed so largely to German success in 1870 and to some of the most brilliant feats in the civil war of America, and the nation that cannot utilize her railways for military purposes is beyond the sphere of effective warlike combinations."

As electricity will undoubtedly be substituted in executions for the rope, the Chicago Times suggest that a new branch of study is opened for young Anarchists. "They should be instructed in electric volts, and taught to compute the number of ohms which constitute their power of resistance."

Western hunters complain that wild duck are becoming very scarce, and attribute their scarcity to the use of duck eggs in making a new glue that is manufactured in Canada. Their eggs having become valuable, Canadian hunters depopulate their nests and thus materially reduce the supply of young ducks.

The phonograph has reached such a degree of perfection that gaps and yawns are produced by it with great distinctness. At a recent trial given at Mr. Edison's laboratory a meeting between two lovers was recorded, and persons of experience say that the kisses were reproduced with tantalizing accuracy and fervor.

Two Pittsburg tube-workers have been hired at \$3 a day to go to England and instruct workmen there how to manufacture tubing. One of the proprietors of a great English manufactory, who employed the men, has discovered that American workmen "are much more rapid and have a better system of doing the work than their English brothers."

The Empress Frederick and her daughters are sombre figures at Windsor, says a London cable. The Empress wears a widow's cap, with long strings reaching nearly to her feet, and her daughters, in addition to their crapes and veils, wear what would be termed her widow's caps. The Empress has decided to return to Berlin when she leaves England, instead of proceeding to Italy, as was her original intention.

The heavy expenses of a college course have heretofore deterred all but the daughters of wealthy parents from enjoying the privileges of academic education. This exclusiveness is being very perceptibly broken into now, however, by young women who care their way to graduation. There are a hundred and one ways in which an intelligent girl can find the wherewithal to go through college, and there seem to be plenty of spirited girls who are willing to try them.

Some idea of the strength of the great French copper "syndicate" may be had when it is stated that it has just agreed to pay the owners of the Anaconda mine, in Montana, \$800,000 for each month that it remains shut down. In other words, the "syndicate" pays, say, four cents per pound to the Anaconda for the copper which it does not produce, thereby reducing the supplies which it has to carry and eliminating a somewhat dangerous factor from the situation.

Although there have been reports that bull-fighting in Spain showed a tendency of declining the facts are that more new rings have been built and more plazas repaired during the last twelve years than in the preceding twenty. Seats bring higher prices than formerly. The pay of the noted fighters has risen. Frascuelo and Lagartijo get \$1125 for each performance. Out of this they pay their two picadores, three bandilleros, and a puntillero, the man who kills the bull with a dagger in case he refuses to rise and face the espada.

The largest single item in the postal expense account of our National Government is that for the transportation of the mails on the various railways throughout the country. Over \$5,000,000 is annually appropriated for this purpose. The system under which the compensation of the various railways for carrying the mails is fixed is one involving many details, and as the rate of payment is fixed for four years at a time, the proper expenditure of over \$30,000,000 of the public money depends on the accuracy with which the system is carried out.

It is suspected in circles expert in Soudanese matters that the true secret of half the Soudan troubles lies in a geographical mistake. It is assumed in all British official minds that the Soudan belongs geographically to Egypt, despite the fact that nature has done all she possibly can to keep the two countries apart. Five hundred miles of desert have been spread out between Egypt and the Soudan. The Nile, it is true, runs through both, but it is made up of an almost continuous series of cataracts, which place a barrier between the sphere of influence of Cairo and that of Khartoum.

L. P. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, for many years connected with the New Bedford whaling industries, will endeavor to have Congress appropriate a sum of money for the establishment of two houses of refuge in the Arctic regions for shipwrecked crews. His idea is to have the houses built at Point Barrow, on the Alaskan coast, and on East Cape, on the Siberian shore. The houses are to be filled with provisions, ship supplies, medical stores and all articles necessary for the relief of shipwrecked crews. Chief Engineer Melville, of the Greely expedition, has written to Mr. Ashmead, heartily endorsing the project.

There is no country in the world, says the New York Observer, unless it may be France, where the science of penology, and all the problems that enter into the question of prison discipline, have been more earnestly and devotedly studied than they have been in America in the past two or three decades. We have in this country to day a class of men who have equipped themselves by long and patient study and investigation for the direction and management of our jails and prisons on an intelligent and practical basis. The trouble is, however, that these men, except in a few instances, have not been permitted to put their reform methods into practice.

A "fellow staff-officer" of Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Forsyth, recently sentenced by court-martial for the offence of duplicating his pay, writes as follows to *Harper's Weekly*: "Poor Sandy Forsyth! The first time I saw him he was being carried in a blanket, smiling but desperately wounded, from the battle field of Beverly Ford; the next time I saw him he had reported for duty on crutches rather than be dropped from the rolls. In the last year of the war, and for years afterward, he was Sheridan's right-hand man for any desperate enterprise in Virginia or on the frontier. His Indian fight against almost hopeless odds is perhaps the most famous on record. What tempted him to the trouble he has made for himself, his pretty young wife, and his splendid boy no one who knows him can fathom. Thousands of people of every grade—cultivated men and women, soldiers, prairie scouts, and cowboys—pity him from the bottom of their hearts. I have tented with him, fought by his side, nursed him. There never was a more gallant, loyal soul or better friend and comrade; and he was the soul of honor, whatever sudden trouble may have tempted him to do. Nobody has said a good word for him in his disgrace, so far as I know, save one rough frontiersman who writes to a newspaper to ask if there is any way of paying the money and restoring Colonel Forsyth to duty. This communication of mine is not intended as a plea for him; misconduct like this should never be justified; but surely it would do no harm to speak of what Sandy Forsyth has done for the army and the country, and the pity of it that so bright a light has gone behind a cloud."

THE SONG OF SONGS.

I'm a man that's fond o' music,
An' when folks are not around,
I kin make our old accorjun
Squeak a mighty finkin' sound;
An' the banjer hangin' yander,
With its gentle plink, plink, plink,
Pears to stand an' hyeah "Old Hundred"
Of the deapest thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays
For the pray'r at church is said,
Jos to stand an' hyeah "Old Hundred"
Soarin' fur up overhead!
An' I most kin spy the angels
Leavin' 'erest the gate up thar,
When Old Abram Blackburn's darter
Leads us in "Sweet Your O' Pray'r."

But if you shud want to see me
When I hev my broades' smile,
You must ketch me in the kitchen,
When the kittle's on the bile!
Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'
Ever riz on red-bird's wings
That kin hold a taller candle
To the song the kittle sings.

'Seems ez ef my soul gits meller
In the kittle's first sweet note,
Till I fancy weddin' music
Screakin' from the iron 'troat.
Sech times, ef I ketch my eyes up,
I kin fahly 'pear to see
Old man Abram Blackburn's darter
Smilin' throo the steam at me!

—Eva W. McGlasson, in Century.

THE DOCTOR'S NEPHEW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Cora alighted from Philo Wilson's high and narrow and somewhat ratty buggy, and sat down on a log with a sigh of relief, while Philo hitched his horse to a tree.

It was not an enticing thing at best to go to a picnic with Philo Wilson; but the picnic itself was preferable to the drive thither. There were distractions at least, and with good luck, a chance for a brief escape. But driving six miles with him, making spasmodic attempts at conversation while he sat in his usual open-mouthed but tongue-tied silence, tall and lank, uninspired and uninspiring—driving with Philo had no alleviating points.

Fairly at the grounds, then, Cora shook out her white dress and straightened her chip bonnet and even smiled a little with the buoyancy of youth. The picnic was large, she noted, gaily. There were the older people gathered sedately together among a group of birches. Cora's father and mother were among them, in black broadcloth and alpaca, and they looked over at their pretty daughter and Philo with placid smiles.

They approved of Philo; he was "steady," and their practical concern went no further. Cora smiled back at them. And grouped about the long board platform, where there would be dancing later, were all "the girls."

Cora deserted the log. "I'll go over where the rest are," she said.

And though Philo, who was a bit of a despot under his phlegmatism, did not look pleased, she hurried away.

"The girls" were gushingly glad to see her, after the manner of girls.

"You look lovely!" said Kate Miller.

"What did you bring?" said Margy Fuller.

"I've got an angel cake, but it's perfectly horrid! It isn't white a bit, and the frosting—"

"You know it's splendid, Margy," said Cora, laughing. "Yours always are. Isn't that Dr. Sancerne's nephew?"

"The girls" did not look around—it wasn't necessary. They had him already well fixed on their mental retinas, by reason of sundry furtive glances—the handsome young fellow, blue-eyed and black-haired, in a loose jacket and sandals and a soft cap, who sat talking to Sadie Sanborn and Sadie's beau at the other end of the platform. They burst into a subdued ingenuistic chorus.

"Oh, do you know him?" We thought, of course, he's a relative, because he's with Sadie. "Isn't he lovely, anyhow?"

"He is very nice-looking," said Cora, faintly tinted as to her round cheeks.

"Yes, he's the doctor's nephew. He was here last summer, but only for a week or so; and the doctor was in to see father one evening, and brought Mr. Hill with him, and we got pretty well acquainted. He'd run over and play croquet real often, and one day we went—"

But a little excited murmur interrupted her.

"He's looking at you!" "He's howling!" "He's coming straight over here, Cora!"

So he was, with the eager smile with which young men have greeted pretty maids since the world began, and with an impatient, outstretched hand.

Cora's fingers smarted, in truth, under the pressure it gave them.

"Miss Gilman," he said, finding a seat beside her (and "the girls" edged away, awed by the nearer presence of the doctor's nephew), "I have been looking for you, do you know? I came only yesterday, or you'd have seen me before. How are you, Miss Gilman? You look well! And the croquet ground—is it there?"

"Yes, it's there," she said, smiling up at him. (Philo had been buttonholed by Hank Lee, at a safe distance.) "I've improved, Mr. Hill. Will you believe it?"

"You?" he cried, in humorous alarm.

"Why, you used to 'whitewash' me every time as it was. We'll play some thing else this year, Miss Gilman—tag, or jackstones, or something? I'm proficient in."

They laughed delightedly.

How nice he was! she thought—so bright and jolly!

She was a little frightened to find how well she remembered all about him.

And he—she couldn't tell what he was thinking, of course—but he was looking at her with very eager eyes and a manner almost excited. She dropped her own, her cheeks pinker.

"I remember it all, you see. What a good time we had, Miss Gilman, now didn't we—the day we went off black-berrying? You haven't forgotten it? You had on an old blue dress and a shaker, and some gloves of your father's."

Mr. Hill threw back his head in boyish glee. "And we got ten quarts, too." He grew suddenly sober. "I did enjoy that week, Miss Gilman. I've lived it over in my imagination often enough

since. If it hadn't been for you, Miss Gilman, I shouldn't have come here this summer!" he ended, courageously. "But I'm in for a month here now."

She looked at him breathlessly, her heart beating hard.

Did he mean it? But she knew he did. And he hadn't an idea of Philo's existence. She wished that she had not.

The doctor's nephew rose impulsively.

"Come, Miss Gilman," he said, "don't let's sit here pokily. We never were poky, you know. Let's have a ramble. Isn't there an ostensible purpose—an object of interest, or something?"

She smiled, with an inward conflict of gladness and misgiving.

"There's the willow arbor, down by the margin; it's pretty there," she faltered.

Hank Lee had released Philo; he was turning this way, with his loose gait, his hands in his pockets.

"I love willow arbors," cried the doctor's nephew. "If there's anything I've always adored and yearned for it's a willow arbor. You'll go?"

"I don't know," said Cora, wistfully.

But Mr. Hill knew. Philo Wilson, at any rate, stood the next moment staring after their disappearing figures.

It was not quite eleven by Mr. Hill's handsome time-piece when they started, but it was fully one when they got back.

They had forgotten the picnic, almost, wandering among the willows in something more than contentment, and it was a dire necessity to have to come back to it.

"But they'll be having dinner, you say," said Mr. Hill. "And they'll eat at that long table, all together? Well, I'll get a seat by you, by hook or crook."

But dinner was late. The fiddlers had arrived, and been pressed into early service. The platform was filled with waltzers—to get up their appetites, they said, while their elders waited hungrily for that process to be completed.

"Ah!" said the doctor's nephew, blithely. "Will you give me the first, Miss Gilman, and as many more as your card will permit?"

They were laughing at that as they went toward the platform. But they did not ascend it. Philo stood on the lower stair, like a spider in wait for a fly.

"It's about time, seems to me," he observed, his dull face lighted by a spark of anger. "I've been looking round for you for two hours. I guess I'll have the first dance, if you just as lief."

There was sharp resentment in his pale-lashed eyes.

Cora bit her red lips, her face aflame. But she spoke quietly.

"Mr. Wilson was my escort, Mr. Hill," she said. "I—I—"

She could not finish. She tried to smile, but her lips only trembled.

The doctor's nephew looked Mr. Wilson over from head to foot, and bowed silently, a little paler than his wont, and turned away.

"I didn't mean to make you mad," said Philo, better disposed now that he triumphed. "But I was kind o' put out. Your folks didn't like it, neither; I told 'em you was off with him. Wal, let's have a waltz," he concluded, conscious of extreme magnanimity.

"I shall not dance," said Cora.

Her pretty eyes blazed scornfully upon him. He had told "her folks." She could have laughed if she had not been so hotly miserable. What did he think?

"You will find me a seat, if you please," she said.

But Philo did not hear her. His eyes were fixed on a figure at a little distance—a figure which walked unsteadily with swinging arms.

"Jem Murray!" he muttered, amazedly.

The eyes of the entire picnic were focused on Jem Murray, and with equal bewilderment, Jem alone was unconcerned. He was the chief blot on the town's respectability: a brainless fellow, half shoemaker and half vagabond, generally idle and never sober. How Jem Murray had got to the picnic was a startling mystery; but he was there unquestionably, and as unquestionably drunk.

His progress was not barred; there was some hesitation about barring it. He swaggered on, marking his course with amiable comments.

"Nishe day, nishe plashe, nishe lot o' girls. Keep right 'long—for the fiddlers had irresolutely stopped—'keep right 'long; goin' to have a danshe melf.'"

He was grinning with the pleasure of this vague notion. It took clearer form in his muddled head.

"Goin' to have a danshe," he repeated.

"Here—here's girl now."

He was standing before Cora, his blinking eyes on her blanched face and his shaking arm extended.

She caught at her companion desperately; but Philo backed off, his face as pale as her own. He had never "tackled" Jem Murray, and he did not care to do it now.

"See here, now," he began, weakly.

But Jem was oblivious.

"Wal, 'm waitin'," he observed.

He touched Cora's sleeve; but he did not move. He was laid on his back the next minute by a sharp blow on the face, and the doctor's nephew stood threateningly above him. There were half a dozen others meditating the same act, but the doctor's nephew had distanced them.

Philo stood open-mouthed. Cora was nervous, crying, but Mr. Hill's arm was through her's protectingly.

Jem Murray was got on his feet and hurried away by a score of hands, and the hero of the occasion had an approving group around him, and Cora's father was of the number.

"You did that mighty neat," was the general verdict.

"I could not see a lady insulted," the young man responded, a little stiffly, with an eye on Philo, and Philo grew red under it.

Cora's tremulous fingers faintly pressed her companion's arm.

"Come here, my girl," said her father. "You're all upset. Mr. Hill, you've got my gratitude," he declared, courteously.

But there was something in his voice which made his daughter look up at him as he led her away.

"You saw it," she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I saw it. So did your mother."

Her father cleared his throat. "I don't know as I care about your having much more to do with that young fellow. I've always been in favor of him, but I guess he ain't all I reckoned he was. Coming to me, now, complainin' of your being off with that young fellow—wal, I used to fight my own battles. And standing there like a calf just now when he ought

to be stirring. Wal, I don't just admire a coward."

Cora laughed gaspingly.

"Nor I!" she cried.

"But that young Hill, now," said her father, emphatically—"he was here last summer, recollect?"

"Yes," said Cora, guiltily blushing.

"Wal, seems to me he's the right kind. Showed some spunk, he did—showed the proper spirit! Fine young man! Wonder if he's making much of a stay to the doctor?" he speculated, with a show of indifference he did not feel.

How could he? The fine young man had not seemed indifferent to his daughter, and he had some paternal wanderings.

"I think he is," said Cora.

She wiped away the last of her tears and smiled, for the doctor's nephew was coming toward her through the trees. And her mother was getting out the lunch-basket.

Philo Wilson did not appear at the well-spread dinner; nor was it very strange that he did not escort Cora to the next picnic, for before that actual gathering again took place she was generally known as "the doctor's niece."

—Saturday Night.

WISE WORDS.

Cultivate charity.

True eyes discover truth.

There is nothing as royal as truth.

Without hearts there is no time.

The most effective coquet is innocence.

Simplicity and luxury are equally enjoyable.

Life is too short to crowd with regrets.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to its moral qualities.

It is easier to vanquish a man in an argument than it is to convince him.

We find self-made men very ten, but self-unmade ones a good deal other.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and seclusion.

The existence of life is sometimes measured by the memory of its irdens.

He who reforms himself has done something toward the reformation of the crowd.

A merely alien enemy may regain, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

If we did but half we are able to do we would be surprised at the sum of our diligence.

When a man learns how ignorant he is he is in possession of a valuable piece of knowledge.

You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Men will wrangle for religious right for it, fight for it, die for it; aching but live for it.

Branding "J. S." On Desert.

Under the old system in the United States Army a man caught and convicted of the crime of desertion was branded by tattooing the letter D on his left hip. He was at once recognized by the authorities on presenting himself at a recruiting-office for examination. The branding-system was abolished by law, and since then it is always difficult and often impossible for the recruiting officers to tell offenders when they turn up again for enlistment at different stations. We heard my men speak of others who had deserted and re-enlisted over ten times. They had told of one man who had had in and out the service eleven times, and of another who had a record of thirty enlistments. These are no doubt extreme cases.

Branding was abolished because it is considered degrading. The old system of flogging perished for a similar reason many years ago. I am in favor of branding, and would make it an honorable stigma by having the letters U. or some distinctive mark tattooed every soldier, officer, and private.

Mark could be placed on the arm as the hip for the purpose. I think appeared before my men with the brand exposed to their view the idea of desertion would quickly vanish. Then a man deserted and presented him again for re-enlistment or was captured by his discovery would be a very simple matter. A large proportion of the deserters get caught sooner or later, but the meantime they cost the country large sums of money. My remedy, think, would not only be an economical measure, but absolutely certain as means of detection. —New York Times.

A Cunning Restaurateur.

"Why do you keep it so blazing hot?" inquired a patron of the proprietor as he entered a restaurant. "Because it is cold outside," replied the proprietor. After the patron had left the premises the restaurant proprietor confidently made the following confession to a newspaper man: "You see, I've been in the business for a quarter of a century, and my experience has taught me that under ordinary circumstances men devour more food at a single meal in piercing cold weather than when the outside temperature is moderate. When I first embarked in the eating-house business I was green enough to economize in wood for heating the premises, imagining I was thereby saving money, but I soon discovered my mistake as the patrons of my restaurant devoured such inordinate quantities of food in winter that bankruptcy stared me in the face. It was here I learned a lesson from a cook, and through which I have since acquired a snug fortune. My cook ate barely enough to sustain life in a canary bird, and I inquired the cause of his lack of appetite. He replied that it was due to his being constantly employed about a hot fire, and remarked that if I would keep my restaurant red-hot in winter my boarders would not consume one-half the amount of food. I tried the experiment and soon found that whereas I had heretofore saved probably \$20 a month in fuel by half-freezing my boarders, that I was saving at least twenty cents a meal in the decrease in the amount of food each one consumed while the premises were kept red-hot." —Virginia (New) Chronicle.

The Sultan of Turkey is considering a scheme to establish a State bank in Constantinople, with a German as manager, the idea being to diminish the exclusive privileges of the Ottoman bank.

ORIENTAL THIEFTAKERS.

HOW CRIME IS DETECTED IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

Modern Solomon's Whose Wisdom is Shown by Results—Curious Convictions.

The Chinese possess no organized detective force, though the officials sometimes visit in disguise the scene of a notable crime for the purpose of making inquiries, and police spies are often locked up with remanded prisoners to try to worm out their secrets.

The lower classes being intensely superstitious, the judicial investigation of crime usually takes place at night, says *Chambers's Journal*. The judgment hall is a lofty building of wood, unceiled, and bare of furniture save for the raised dais at the north end, where is seated the presiding magistrate, attended by his secretaries, clerks and factors.

The only light comes from paper lanterns or cotton wicks in oil-lamps, which but serve to bring into prominence the weird shadows flitting about the corners and lurking among the woodwork of the roof. Silence prevails, the few spectators watching the proceedings standing like statues.

The accused, dragged from the darkness and fifth of a Chinese prison, is forced to kneel before the judgment-seat throughout the trial. Weakened by ill-treatment and appalled by his own superstitious imaginings, he often only requires a little judicious terrorizing to elicit a full confession of his guilt.

If he prove obdurate, witnesses are called. From these no oath or affirmation is demanded; the breaking of a saucer and other forms for administering an oath to a Chinaman laid down in English law books being quite unknown in Chinese courts.

Any hesitation or refusal to answer the magistrate's questions—for he is judge, jury and crown prosecutor; all in one, and no counsel for the defence is allowed—is punished by blows on the cheek or the application of the lamboos to the limbs, and similar penalties more severely administered check the giving of false testimony.

Should the prisoner, in the face of strong evidence, persist in denying his guilt, various persuasive measures are resorted to, such as forcing him to kneel on chains, hanging him up by the thumbs or suspending him by the neck in a wooden frame so that his toes just touch the ground.

All such tortures are illegal, but a confession has to be obtained somehow before sentence can be passed, and the cases are many and the time allowed for settling them short.

Two instances of extra-judicial methods for ascertaining the culprit among many equally under suspicion deserve to be recorded for their cleverness. Some balls of opium taken from a piratical junk by a revenue cruiser mysteriously disappeared while being transferred to the latter vessel.

Opium is very precious in China, and a ball is easily split up and secreted in the wide sleeves or the voluminous waistband of a Chinese sailor.

The commander of the vessel was loath to institute a search of the ship and crew, knowing well the craftiness of his men, and that, even if found, the opium would most probably be in the bundle of some innocent man. He therefore resorted to a plan as simple as it proved effective.

In his cabin was, as is usual, a shrine of the Goddess of Mercy and of the Chinese Neptune. Before these deities he instituted a solemn service, which was prolonged till evening.

When night fell he mustered the crew and called them one by one into the dimly-lighted cabin. Here each man had to make solemn declaration of his innocence, kneeling before the images, and dipping his finger in a saucer of water, to swear his face all over, being warned that if he were guilty, the divinities would make his face appear streaked with black.

When the thief's turn came, he tried to outwit the gods by rubbing his finger on the bottom of the saucer; but to his horror, when he reached the light, his face was all over black marks, the wily commander having held the saucer over a lamp before commencing the experiment.

In another case, where several servants were suspected of theft, each man was given a bamboo of the same length, marked with his name, which had to be deposited in an urn before a small shrine in the outer prison where they were confined.

The officer announced that the culprit's rod would grow, by interposition of Providence, one inch during the night. The

EDUCATING FIRE HORSES.

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT IN THE NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

Marvelous Speed Brought Out and Great Things Accomplished in a Few Seconds.

There are many interesting things in New York, writes Foster Coates, in the Brooklyn *Observer*, but there are few things more interesting than the school from which fire horses are graduated. It is situated in the upper part of New York, and is under the management of several veterans of the Fire Department, commanded by a well known veterinary surgeon, who is practically principal of the school.

This New York horse school has been in operation since 1882, and in that length of time has graduated some four hundred horses. There are employed in the fire service in New York nearly five hundred horses. These supply the fifty-five engine houses of the city, the seventeen hook and ladder companies, beside the various water towers and wagons of the chiefs of battalions, with motive power. It is hard work, too. Horses, no matter how strong and hardy, suffer from it, despite the care that is taken of them.

The horses are all picked, but they are seldom of any use for fire work after five years of service. They are selected by experts from among the best horses that are to be found at the Bulls Head horse market, the chief horse market of the United States. The horses selected come mainly from the West. It requires some skill to pick out horses for use in the Fire Department. Big and clumsy horses are of no use. But the horse must be speedy and strong. The horses selected are usually about sixteen hands high, weighing from 1200 to 1450 pounds, and their ages range from four to six years. Younger horses are not strong enough to drag heavy fire engines, and older ones are too old to train.

As soon as the horse is bought he is sent to school, and Dr. Shea, who is in charge of this institution, says that, in his opinion, horses and boys are very much alike, and must be managed in very much the same manner. But Dr. Shea believes in kindness as a means to get control of his pupils and teach them.

It is marvelous how quickly these young horses learn what is necessary for them to know before they can be put to work. The men who handle them know their business thoroughly, and are in love with it. Under their careful handling the green horse understands his duties in little more than a month. No whip is used in this school. The first test is that which establishes the soundness of the animal's wind. Then he is put in his stall. He is led backward and forward to where the harness hangs until he becomes used to the engine, and until he also becomes accustomed to ducking or lowering his head to get into the collar.

When he accomplishes his task well he is given apples or candy or lumps of sugar, and is petted and made much of. He is next taught to rush to his place in front of the engine at the clang of the gong. When he becomes expert at this his education is complete and he is ready for serious work, and a week later can run to a fire as well as the most thorough-going veteran.

There are always a dozen horses being put through their paces at this school, which is constantly becoming more and more of a necessity. These horses cost about \$300 each, and after their five years they are disposed of to street peddlers and cartmen for any sum from \$50 to \$150. These horses are so well taught that they never forget their training. It is not an uncommon thing when a fire engine dashes through the streets of New York to see some dilapidated looking nag attached to some huckster's wagon, pricking up his ears and join in the race to the scene of the fire. It is a mild and broken-down fire horse, who cannot forget the stirring days when he helped draw an engine. It is the same spirit that led broken-down hunters to join in the hunt at the sound of the cry of the hounds.

There are some wonderful horses in the New York Fire Departments, but the champions are "Joe" and "Charley," the splendid team that are attached to Engine Company 14, at Chambers street. These were the prize winners at the World's Fair, at the American Institute in 1883, and they are still the champions. They are the two most famous scholars ever turned out from New York's school. Joe is the champion of champions, and he entertains many visitors who come daily to admire his intelligence. Joe is a roan, and a handsome one, too. His mate, Charley, is a bay, and this team can drag a heavy fire engine over the ground faster than any team in the United States, and probably in the world. At the World's Fair, when they won the medal, which they still hold, they were tried on a dash of 26 feet 6 inches. They made three tests, one at 10 in the morning, another at 3 in the afternoon, and yet another at 8 o'clock in the evening. The time for the first dash was 1-5-6 seconds, for the second 2-1 seconds, and for the last 2 seconds. The intelligence of these horses is simply remarkable. Chief Shaw, of London, could scarcely believe that they could do what was said of them until it was done before his own eyes. Even then it was hard to believe. On three ordinary trials the other night Joe and Charley got into their harness and had their engine on the street and on their way to a fire in an average time of 11 seconds. And there was no special effort to make extraordinary speed, either. But these are not the only speed horses in the department. There are scores more of them.

Dr. Shea, who is also Captain Shea, pays great attention to the making up of the teams in the department. He buys all the horses for the department himself and he studies his pupils very closely before making them up into pairs. It is to his system that is due the wonderful intelligence of the horses and the smoothness with which they work together. Captain Shea is careful to mate his horses in size and color as well as in temper and the effect is good. He is also an enthusiast in the matter of improving the harnesses in use. The collar formerly worn by the fire horses was a clumsy affair, weighing some thirty-five pounds. Captain Shea has had introduced a light weight steel collar weighing but seven pounds that is quite strong as the old one.

This training school is also a hospital for horses. All the sick or disabled horses used in the department are tended here by the same men who taught them all they know.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Hawarden, Gladstone's country seat, is pronounced Harden.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcon.

Edvard Schmiedemann has made a fortune as a professional beggar in New York.

A horse at Waynesboro, Va., kicked a pumpkin with such force that it flew and broke a man's leg.

A single gold dollar can be made into a sheet that will carpet two rooms sixteen and a half feet square.

Adam's needle is so-called, because the leaf has a needle-like point, and the sides of the leaves are frayed out like cotton.

A hen which is said to have hatched and raised sixteen chickens from fifteen eggs, is one of the curiosities of Withlacooche, Fla.

At his own request, Spurgeon Perry, aged eighty-nine years, at one time worth \$1,000,000, has been sent to the Brooklyn poor house.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were the two Presidents who died on the same day, July 4, 1826, is the date of the death of each.

Captain John Miller, who recently died in the Indian Territory, aged seventy years, had taken thirty scalps during his eventful life.

The king of robbers (Robin Hood) was, tradition says, ultimately captured by a wily enemy, who disabled him by throwing a hand full of flour in his face.

The football team at Durham, N. C., has had powerful electric lights suspended over its grounds, and proposes to play the game during the evenings hereafter.

There are fourteen different towns and cities in the United States named Augusta, and there is never a day that freight and mail matter is not going wrong.

A Cincinnati man advertises for sale "a business paying \$10,000 a year and no capital needed to run it. Reasons for selling: Police are becoming suspicious of me."

There are only two ways to get out of India. One is by the most miserably constructed and uncertain railway on the face of the earth, and the other is by English vessel.

In Russia ancient usage prevents the presence of the parents of the bride at the ceremony. In their place two of their oldest friends represent them, and escort the bride to the church.

Turnpike roads were first established in the reign of Queen Anne. Till then all roads were repaired by the parishes. Turnpikes were so called from poles or bars swung on a staple, and turned either way when dues were paid.

Joseph Bonaparte's bedstead is now in possession of Miss M. H. Nutt, of Bardonia, N. J. It is of solid mahogany, set in chased brass, with two columns, at the head between which appear mirrors of the very finest plate glass.

City of Panama.

The City of Panama, the principal seaport of the Colombian Republic on the Pacific side, presents an imposing aspect from the sea. It stands at the head of the bay, on the southern shore of the isthmus, occupying a rocky peninsula, which extends some distance out into the shallow waters. Though the famous Panama harbor is one of the safest and most commodious in the world, vessels of more than eighty tons burden cannot approach the shore, but must anchor at Perico Island, three miles distant. This old fortified town, whose wide, clean streets extend across the tongue of land from sea to sea, is quaint enough to interest the most blasé tourist. Though now crumbling to decay, its impressive buildings show traces of former grandeur, being constructed in the ancient Spanish style, of solid stone, with inside patios, or courtyards. Previous to 1746 (when the trade to the Pacific first began to be carried around Cape Horn), Panama City was the principal entrepot between Europe and the western coasts of America. From that date, however, it began to decline, and since the independence of the Spanish American States and the opening of other Pacific ports, its down-hill progress has been very rapid. Immediately after the discovery of the California gold mines, in the historic days of '49, Panama recuperated to a considerable extent, though to nothing of its former consequence. Its population is now about 30,000, and it is chiefly important as being the terminus of the Panama railway. It has some trade of its own, principally with Europe, in pearls, pearl shells and mother of pearl and gold dust (all found in the vicinity), besides fruits, nuts, dye stuffs, hides and other products of Colombia and the isthmus. — *Philadelphia Record*.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland.

It is the oldest section of Talbot County, and many would say the least progressive. As yet the locomotive has not penetrated there, the steamboat comes but three times a week, and the farmer looks to the slow returns of wheat and corn for his income, but it is a land of beautiful situations, of comfortable, well-kept homes and generous living. Many of the people still live in the houses which their fathers or grandfathers built, and a race of fine old-time country gentlemen they were, whose abundant life and generous hospitality made the byside of their day famous. As yet there has been but little immigration. The people are most of them descended from ancestors who established themselves there when they came from England in the early days of the colony; the Lowes and the Lambdens, the Kemps and McDaniels, Wrightsons and Caulks still live down there, and grow up and marry their cousins and their neighbors' daughters, as their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers before did. The ruddy complexions, the round, compact figures, still bespeak the English blood. A people nourished on oysters and terrapin, who have known how to entertain their friends and to enjoy themselves. — *Baltimore American*.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Lazy Man—Lacked the Art of Flattery—A Steady Churchgoer—Cleverly Shook off a Bore, Etc.

The baseball season's at an end. The small boys' nine disbanded. And now the lazy man finds time hangs heavy on his hands.

The season's close he doth deplore; And thinks it is a shame That he can sit upon a fence No more and watch the game.

But winter days have come at last When arctic breezes blow, And he can watch his wife while she Is shoveling off the snow. — *Boston Courier*.

Lacked the Art of Flattery.

Proprietor of a glove store (just returned from a trip): "How is this? I hear not a customer has been in the store for a week."

Head Clerk (helplessly): "I know it. After you left I did my best to boom business. I even put a big card in the window saying we could fit the biggest hands going, but not a lady has entered." — *Philadelphia Record*.

A Steady Churchgoer.

Earnest Christian: "Does your husband go to church regularly, Mrs. Sprig?"

"Yes, sir; he goes every day."

"Every day? You mean every Sunday, don't you?"

"No," he means every day; he's shingling the roof of the Methodist church." — *Nebraska Journal*.

Cleverly Shook off a Bore.

"Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions.

The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant with the question: "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

He Feared the Worst.

Chicago Citizen: "Great Scott! What is this I have found on the doorstep?"

His Wife: "It looks like a dynamite bomb, made out of a piece of gaspipe. See, here is a fuse attached to it."

Citizen: "Oh, is that all? I was afraid that the plumber had been here."

Construed the Words Literally.

Scene: A Toronto household.

Mamma (to Edie, aged three and a half years, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten): "Well, Edie, how did you like it?"

Edie: "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."

Tedious Waiting.

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnnie?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing room.

"Nope," replied Johnnie. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Haskinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till Irene's married." — *Hinderhook Rough Notes*.

Pleasant for Mamma.

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor): "Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks."

Visitor: "Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken."

Johnny: "Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully hen-pecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red." — *Chicago Tribune*.

Touched a Sympathetic Chord.

Experienced Tramp: "Hello, we're in luck. I hear a husband and wife quarreling in this house. I'll wait until he comes out."

Fresh Tramp: "Wot good 'll that do?"

Experienced Tramp: "I'll tell him I'm a wanderer over the face of the earth because I can't live with my wife, and he'll give me a dollar." — *Philadelphia Record*.

Couldn't Attend to Such Details. "I've got a complaint to make," said an office boy to his employer.

"What is it?"

"The bookkeeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no bookkeeper to kick me."

"Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."

Changing the Rule.

"How did you come to convict that man?" asked a traveling man of a friend who had been serving on the jury.

"The one who was tried for assaulting his mother-in-law."

"Yes; it was contrary to all precedent."

"So it was. But the jury concluded that it was about time the old lady had a little show." — *Merchant Traveler*.

Siffleurs Are All the Rage.

"What a beautiful girl!" exclaimed young Alexander NeMash when he saw Miss Calleywest in a box at the theatre.

"Yes, poor thing," said his sister, pityingly, "but she can never have any standing whatever in society."

"Why?" inquired Alexander in surprise.

"Because she can't whistle a little bit," replied his charming sister, puckering her lips unconsciously. — *Chicago News*.

American Slang Mystified Him.

Philadelphia Girl: "Have you ever noticed how ignorant of this country even our most distinguished foreign visitors are?"

A Wonderful Child.

Mr. Oldboy (admiring the baby): "Can he talk, my dear madam?"

Fond Mother: "No, he can't talk yet, but he's a wonderful child; he understands everything one says to him, don't you, your darling little pinksy winksy, tootsy poosy, dicky picky dot?"

Mr. Oldboy: "Does he remember all that?"

Fond Mother: "Oh, yes."

Mr. Oldboy: "Well, he is a wonderful child." — *Casur*.

Sickness Unheard Of.

Prospective Real Estate Buyer: "How is your town for health?"

Western Real Estate Agent: "Splendid! I tell you what, there is not another town in the world that will compare with this for health."

"I notice you have a large cemetery."

"Yes, but none of 'em died natural deaths. They were mostly shot, hung or poisoned. No sickness here."

Why, it is a regular health resort!" — *Time*.

High and Low Life.

Society Youth: "Say, Jack, can't you lend me \$5? I've got to take a lady to the opera to-night."

Poor Clerk: "Yes, George, I can; but you've received a check from your father this morning. Where's that?"

S. Y.: "Well, the fact is, I stepped into my tailor's to get a necktie and hadn't anything but the check with me, and the rascal instead of handing me the change gave me a receipt for balance due." — *New York Weekly*.

Imaginary Heat.

In a railroad passenger car:

Conductor: "Gentlemen, you have been making an awful sight of noise ever since you came into this car, and the other passengers complain of it. What are you men about, anyway?"

"Mad! We are not mad, but your old car is so cold that we thought if we got up a heated discussion, maybe it might warm it up a little. Don't you want to join us, it will save the company's coal if successful, and there's no danger of setting the car on fire in case of a smash-up." — *Danville Brace*.

Acknowledged Relationship.

A jolly Englishman, now a clergyman in this country, shortly after his marriage to a country girl in old England, was visiting with her on the streets of Liverpool when suddenly a large donkey stepped up on the pavement in front of them. Mr. B. stopped, threw up his hand, and exclaimed:

"My dear, is that any relative of yours?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "but only since my marriage."

Inherited His Bellicose Traits.

Old Gentleman: "How does my son get on?"

School Teacher: "He's one of the best students in the school. I've no complaint to make on that score."

Old Gentleman: "That was the way with me when I went to school. I'm glad he's taking after his father."

School Teacher: "But he's unruly at times, Mr. Harkcastle, and frequently has to be reprimanded for fighting."

Old Gentleman: "Well, I suppose it's natural that he should have some of his mother's striking characteristics."

An Old Acquaintance Rehabilitated.

This is a new version of an old story, but it happened. It was in a country courtroom and a case was proceeding, when two dogs began fighting in the very sacred precinct of law and justice. The Judge stopped the case.

"Constable," he said, "the decorum of this court must be preserved. Throw those dogs out. The Constable got hold of them and was struggling out of the door when the Judge added, 'and, Constable, when you get outside I'll bet you \$10 that my brindle pup will knock the spunk out of that black cur of yours.'"

"I'll take the bet, your Honor," said the Constable.

And the Judge won. — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

He Struck A Bargain.

Old Mrs. Bentley: "Josiah, there comes a shabby-looking old man with a bundle on his back, and I think we ought to do something for him."

Old Mr. Bentley: "I'm willing, Mariah."

Old Mrs. Bentley: "I say, old man, if you'll come into the house I may be able to find some decent clothing for you."

Old Man (gratefully): "Thank you, mem."

Old Mrs. Bentley (in the house): "Now, there's a lot of cast-off clothing that my husband doesn't want."

Old Man (examining the lot very carefully): "Vell, I gif you tree dollar for the lot und, se help me, not von cent more."

Old Mrs. Bentley: "But, sir, I want to give you the clothing."

Old Man (looks over the lot again, very carefully): "Vell, I tell you vot I do: I take 'em." — *Life*.

A Sunflower Delusion.

It has been said that the sunflower turns its face to the sun, constantly, as the poet sings:

"How the sunflower turns on her god when he sets. The same look that she turned when he rose."

A writer in *Science Gossip*, by very careful and precise observation, proved that this poetic fancy is entirely unsupported by fact. Six of his finest blossoms which faced by a compass respectively North, South, East, West, Northeast and Southeast, were visited three times each day for a week, shortly after sunrise, at noon and a few minutes past sunset. The time of observation was the first week in September, and the flowers were just beginning to open the forenoon on the circumstances of the day.

There was no twisting of the flower stalk in a circle, no turning of the flower faced respectively as they did at first, North, South, East, West, Northeast and Southeast. In some of the flowers there was a tendency, as the seeds began to form, to droop or incline toward the earth, away from the sun. This appeared to be a provision for keeping the crowded seeds dry as they rapidly formed and began to ripen.

Observation often shows that popular fancies have no groundwork in fact.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSIVE.

THE WORK OF NITRO-GLYCERINE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

Almost Total Disappearance of Men Who Have Been Blown Up by the Compound—Curious Facts.

"If there is anything that is well-known in the oil country," said a life-long oil operator, "it is this terribly mysterious feature of nitro-glycerine explosions—the almost complete annihilation of matter, especially of the human body, which in a majority of cases results from a fatal explosion of this deadly compound. There is not an operator in the whole region that cannot recall more than one illustration of it. I had a teamster named France once in my employ. Like all men of his class in the oil country, there was nothing either above, below, or on the earth that he feared. He was in the habit of carrying nitro-glycerine to any well I wanted it. Another employe of mine who helped France was quite as reckless as the teamster was. They became so careless in handling the explosive that other workmen would not stay in the place if they knew France was coming there with glycerine. These two men actually used to unload the stuff as they might unload a lot of bricks, France standing on the wagon and throwing a can to his companion some feet away, and the latter catching it and placing it on the ground in time to catch the next can. As it takes a man with a good set of nerves even to ride in a wagon where he knows there is nitro-glycerine under the seat, this manner of handling a compound that frequently explodes under the slightest jar will give an idea of what sort of nerves those two men had. Each one knew that if France's helper missed catching a can there wouldn't be enough left of them to cover the bottom of a snuff box, but they had the daring to take the chances."

"No one ever knew what caused it, and no one would have ever known who it was that was wiped out of existence except for the fact that we all knew who it was that was coming that way with nitro-glycerine just at that time. When we heard the explosion down the road that day there was only one remarkable made."

"That's France's last trip."

"The glycerine had exploded about a quarter of a mile from the well. We walked there, and found the usual hole that a few cans of the stuff always dig when it goes off and the usual lot of splintered timbers. Three hundred feet off to the right of the road, in the woods, we found a wagon tire. We found the tail of one horse and small portions of the body of the other. In another part of the woods a man's knee-cap was picked up, and although we searched over an area that it would have been impossible for any of the wreck to be thrown, that was all we found, except France's greasy cap lying by the side of a stump and his watch hanging on the limb of a tree."

"All who have had anything to do with it in the oil regions have had similar illustrations of the power of nitro-glycerine time after time. Look at that poor, reckless George Dolser, I think his name, who disappeared at Red Rock, in the Bradford field a few years ago. He was walking along through the town with two or three cans of glycerine slung over his shoulder in a bag. He had been drinking too much, and in staggering along he fell head foremost and the bag flew over his head and the nitro-glycerine cans struck heavily on a rock. Not a building for half a block around was left standing. Dolan was a man that weighed over 200 pounds, and all that the most thorough search was able to recover of that 200 pounds of flesh and bones was part of one of Dolan's feet—less than one pound."

"The almost total disappearance of bodies is accounted for by some by the theory of spontaneous combustion. That is something like the theory that a well known scientific man once advanced to explain this mysterious characteristic of nitro-glycerine. He said it was instantaneous vaporization of matter. That theory we all admitted was plausible as to flesh, but we could not believe that the great masses of bone in the human body, nor heavy pieces of iron and wood, could be reduced to vapor in the twinkling of an eye. Another theory that met with great favor for some time was that of atomization by exploding nitro-glycerine. But this theory was disproved in a most frightful way in the Allegheny oil field about three years ago. This case was not characterized, by the way, by such a great degree of annihilation as others. Charles Berridge, a well known oil man, was blown up by nitro-glycerine. The ground around was covered with spotted, new fallen snow. On each side was a high and abrupt hill, only a few rods intervening. Berridge was a large man, of probably 150 pounds weight. The remains of the poor man were searched for carefully and long, for he was a good man and a popular one. The coffin in which they were borne to the grave contents and all, weighed less than ten pounds. The greatest force of a nitro-glycerine explosion is always upward. If the matter had been reduced to atoms, however infinitesimal, is falling back upon that spotless snow some trace of them might have been seen upon it. But it remained as spotless as before."

"This singular feature about nitro-glycerine explosions has been commented upon and puzzled over every time a fatal one has occurred in the oil region, from the earliest day the explosive was introduced among the wells." — *New York Times*.

The Oldest Woman Living.

Mrs. Francis Ann Rebecca Todd, who resides near the village of Noyac, Mich., is supposed to be the oldest woman living. She was born in December, 1769, in Norway, and is consequently 119 years old. She was first married in 1800 and bore eight children. Her husband dying she remarried, but was granted a divorce in 1846, after having added four more children to her family. In 1837 she again married and became the mother of three more children. Her third husband died six years later, leaving the widow with three more children to care for. The loss of the third husband did not discourage her. She finally removed to her present farm of three acres, where she has been since 1844. — *Times-Democrat*.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

In England there are 347 female blacksmiths.

The very latest thing is the plaited muslin bodice.

Cornell has 1174 students, 132 of whom are young women.

Pale shades of blue are second in favor to the all prevailing greens.

The Presbyterians have decided to have an order of deaconesses.

Long, fingerless mitts are a novelty. They are worn with dinner gowns.

Mme. Hess, of Paris, has refused \$1000 for her hair, which is six feet long.

Cloth gowns are made up in combinations of cream white, brown and green.

A Brighton (Mich.) woman digs forty-five bushels of potatoes a day and comes up smiling.

Mink-tail trimmings are used on garments of mink or sealskin, furnishing an effective contrast.

Ex-Empress Frederick has bought a site at Steglitz for 100,000 marks to build a hospital for orphan girls.

A new trimming of dark green, blue or brown dresses is an embroidery of silver threads on bands of scarlet cloth.

A new collar for the corsage is of the high military style, over which falls two broken points, usually in a contrasting color.

Black costumes are meeting with so much favor just now that they may be said to be restored to their old time popularity.

Buttons in the form of a good-sized padlock fitted with a key were very conspicuous upon a recently imported costume.

Gray and fawn color was the color combination recently noted in a cloth costume. Although odd, it was very effective.

Most of the new sleeves have transverse or longitudinal puffs, or are gathered into a deeply pointed cuff of velvet or embroidery.

The authorities of Vanderbilt University are considering the propriety of admitting women to the privileges of the University.

Novel carriages are in the form of oyster shells, held together by a diamond or pearl, and having slender gold wires attached.

Arlington Advocate

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Our New Dress.

The Lexington Minute-man greets its readers to-day in a new dress and asks, how do you like it? Relief from cares which for many weeks past has been nearly if not quite burdensome, has given the editor opportunity to devote more time to his legitimate duties this week and he asks his readers if to-day's paper is not in this department in keeping with its new dress. It is more nearly a sample of what we propose for the coming year, than the initial number of the new year and we should be glad if our efforts in the line of improvement are accorded that best of all acknowledgments,—additions to the subscription list.

A Suggestion.

During all the years we have filled the editorial chair we have bemoaned the lack of local correspondence on matters of general interest, such as would be appropriate for a peoples' column, other papers of this class in this section are constantly crowded with them. We much desire to open such a department and urge any and all who have ideas in regard to town matters, society aims, church work, etc., to write briefly for publication. We promise to publish without fear or favor whatever is sent us in good faith (with the writer's name as a guarantee of this) over any signature that seems best and to hold inviolate any secrets thus entrusted to our keeping. Frequently matters such as we refer to are brought to our attention and when possible we write about them, but writing under such circumstances lacks the point and vim that the originator of the idea might have given, and so full short of accomplishing desired results. Who will contribute to the peoples' column next week?

Though this remarkable winter season of 1888-9 has given us thus far an almost unprecedented amount of mild and springlike weather, it has witnessed also some terrible demonstrations of the elements' fury. The gale of Nov. 24 and 25 was probably as severe as any ever experienced on our North Atlantic coast. It left its grim memorials in the shape of scores of battered and stranded vessels on our Massachusetts seaboard in particular, and the roll of lost ships and seamen have not even yet become fully known. Now from Pennsylvania comes the news of appalling disasters in that section caused by a storm of cyclone-like proportions, which destroyed large buildings almost without warning, involving a fearful loss of life.

Mr. C. E. Goodwin, late of Arlington, from his new home in Minneapolis, sends us a copy of the Tribune of that city, issued on New Year's day, which is a monument of journalistic enterprise. It has sixteen pages, with illuminated cover, printed on good paper and profusely illustrated. From it one can form a good idea of the wonderful growth of this western city, any the business advantage it offers.

The foot and carriage suspension bridge over Niagara Falls was blown down Wednesday night. The total loss at that point by the gale is estimated at \$1,000,000. The bridge destroyed was the carriage bridge between Niagara Falls Village and the Clifton House, and should not be confounded with the railroad suspension bridge, across which trains are running as usual.

At the recent examination of candidates for the Suffolk County Bar, Samuel W. Smith, of Arlington, and Lewis P. Frost, of Belmont, were among the successful competitors for honors. Almost half of those presenting themselves for admission were unable to attain the standard demanded of the examiners. All the more credit to our young friends, who will please accept congratulations.

The Republican papers are certainly justified in poking a little fun at their Democratic contemporaries, and prominent leaders in the party as well, over the utter neglect of Jackson's birthday, when they recall the great spurge over the event three years ago and since.

Wanted, information in regard to any event of public interest or of a private nature such as would be proper for publication in a local paper.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is thirty years since the now universally observed "Week of Prayer" was instituted by a few missionaries laboring in India.

The Marblehead relief fund has grown considerably the past week, so that the amount contributed is likely to exceed the generous response to the call for aid eleven years ago.

Mayor Gilmore, of Cambridge, in his inaugural, warmly urges the completion of the soldiers' monument in accordance with the original design. Every soldier will thank him for his timely suggestion.

The Woburn Advertiser displayed a commendable degree of enterprise in issuing an extra on Jan. 7, containing a full report of the exercises incident to the inauguration of a new city government.

The Globe says that it would be a blessing for Hayti if her present strained relations with the United States should result in bringing her under the rule and protection of this country. And it would be a good thing for the United States, too.

The Cambridge Daily notes the fact that this week the "Varsity" crew has been having daily practice on their rowing course. Singular fact to record as occurring in the middle of winter in this section.

Mrs. Sheridan has selected a design for the monument to be erected over the grave of the gallant and loved Gen. "Phil," and hopes to have it ready for dedication next Memorial Day. His grand achievements are his noblest monument.

The vote in the U. S. Senate on the resolution affirming the Monroe doctrine in its relation to the Panama Canal was emphatic, but it should have been unanimous. Three Democratic Senators voted in the negative, and several of them shirked the vote altogether.

The new city of Woburn finds its charter defective in that it does not provide for a new city clerk. The Legislature will have to pass an amendment, until which time the old town clerk will have charge of the records. It seems strange such a glaring defect should have escaped the notice of the parties interested in drawing the charter.

The Boston Fruit and Produce exchange held its annual meeting on Saturday, and closed the same with a banquet at the Quincy House in the evening that was one of the brilliant social events of the season. Warren W. Rawson, president of the Market Gardener's Association, was a special guest, and spoke in behalf of his associates; and among those at the table we note the names of a considerable number well known in this section.

The newspapers which have special correspondents stationed at Indianapolis should arrange to relieve them with new men at an early day. It is hardly likely that those now on the ground can endure the strain much longer. Symptoms of softening of the brain are already painfully apparent, and there will be a number of bright newspaper men in asylums if something is not done soon.

Senator Sherman introduced an elaborate bill to revise the present methods of electing Congressmen, its provisions to take effect May 1, 1890. The President is authorized to appoint, with the approval of the Senate, five qualified voters in each state, to be known as the Board of State Canvassers, and three voters in each Congressional district to serve as an Electoral Board, their term to be during good behavior.

At the installation of the officers of the Somerville G. A. R. Post, Tuesday evening Hon. G. A. Marden delivered an address on "Memorials," with particular reference to the reasons why the city should aid the post in the erection of a memorial hall in memory of deceased soldiers and sailors. Great interest is being manifested in the proposed memorial building on Central hill. Many of the best citizens favor the project, and it seems probable that the City Council will take action on the subject at an early date.

The City Council of Chicago has passed an ordinance granting a franchise to the "Lake Street Elevated Railway Company," to construct the "Meigs" road on Lake street. The cars are to be run on a single rail, along the middle of the street, at an elevation of fourteen feet, on guiders sustained by iron columns at the curb line. The entire structure, except the longitudinal stringers, is to be of iron or steel. General satisfaction is manifested among the business men of Chicago at the action of the council in adopting the "Meigs" system, as they believe it to be the safest and best of all. Four or five other companies were seeking the franchise, and a big amount of money had been spent to defeat the "Meigs" people.

It was a mistake on the part of the Speaker of the House of Representatives to give the Boston dailies good grounds for inserting the following paragraph in their report of the Legislative doings for Tuesday:—

"Mr. Barrett, the speaker, gave to Mr. Barrett, the editor, the list of committees in such season that the newspapers were in a bad way, about five minutes after the list had been read in the House. Other papers were not so fortunate in getting the names."

It was taking an unfair advantage—not a bit of newspaper enterprise—which in the end will cost more than it came to. We predict for Speaker Barrett a single term in the office he holds, not so much because of this single act as the indication it furnishes of the real calibre of the man. "Little men small deeds."

Rev. W. W. Downs' family are not yet free from the persecutions they have of late undergone if the following story which his little son, Cornelius, tells is to be considered in the light of an attempt to abduct and injure.

Cornelius says that Monday morning, about 11 o'clock, while on an errand, he was stopped on the sidewalk by a man in an express wagon standing at the side of the road, who asked him to jump in and tell him the name on a box which he could not read. Cornelius says he did so, and no sooner had he got in the wagon than he was seized and a sponge put over his face. Then the team started and he lost consciousness. Upon recovering he says he found himself in a dense swamp, lying on the ground, and being shaken by a man with a gray beard, who stood over him. On asking

where he was, he learned that he was on the Hayes estate in Lexington. Receiving directions how to go home, he started to walk to Somerville, arriving there about 8 o'clock, his father says. The odor of ether was then found upon him, and although he was closely questioned nothing more could be learned.

The boy says the wagon bore the letters on its side: "Lexington & Boston Express." There is no such express wagon in Lexington.

The above item appeared in the columns of the Boston Globe on Wednesday morning, and its sensational nature made quite a stir about Lexington. Rev. Mr. Downs and the alleged victim came to Lexington Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of trying to identify the person who found the boy, but they were unsuccessful. The local police consider the matter as simply a sensational story. We took the trouble to visit the spot where the boy says he was left on the Hayes estate, and had an interview with Mr. Comley, the manager of the estate, and all points to the impracticability of the story. The three different gentlemen of this town who were said to have discovered the boy didn't even know of the circumstances till they were informed of it.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington Jan. 9th 1889.

When the limited express arrived on Wednesday, William Walter Phelps stepped briskly from the Pullman and passed rapidly through the station. He was accompanied by a tired looking man whose eyes fell in passing upon the tablet in the station building that marks the spot where James A. Garfield fell when shot. At the door the couple were joined by Representative Hitt, who with the aid of Phelps, monopolized the conversation for five minutes, while the tired man waited quietly and patiently for the carriage, in the doorway through which he passed when he entered with Garfield on the morning the latter was assassinated, the doorway through which he went when the Arthur administration drove him out of the political Eden; it was fondly hoped, forever. Calm, self-reliant, capable, revengeful, James G. Blaine comes back again.

What mattered it that big Senator Hancock has just returned from an important mission to Indianapolis. Who cared to talk of John Wamamaker and the charge that he pays sewing girls thirty-five cents per dozen for making shirts? Even the industriously circulated report that Senator Allison and Senator Sherman are both decided upon for the Cabinet attracted no attention. The visit of Blaine has been, since his arrival, the universal topic. Will he go into the Cabinet, is the question. His friends say he must, and if he wants to be, he can be Secretary of State. His enemies say his selection would ruin the party. In the meantime, Mr. Blaine has engaged charming apartments at the Normandie and with Mrs. Blaine and a couple of the younger generation will come here for the winter. And when the satin brocade curtains are drawn and the frelight glints the mahogany, Mr. Blaine will think out some problems in the retirement of his chamber.

Mr. Springer will introduce in the House to-day a joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution which shall read, "The Congress shall have power to make a uniform law of marriage and divorce." It will go to the Judiciary Committee for immediate consideration. The measure is one in which thoughtful men and women everywhere are intensely interested and there is a better prospect now for action than ever before, despite the fact that similar propositions have been before Congress a dozen times in the last twenty years.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, will arrive in Washington to-night, with the simple object of talking about sugar beet raising to the Commissioner of Agriculture. Of course he will not attempt to influence the Senate committee as to the sugar item in the tariff bill. He says not, and he ought to know. And yet this bill is of supreme importance to the sugar growing interests, and Claus Spreckles has prospered and waxed wealthy these many years without consulting the Commissioner of Agriculture.

On Saturday the Senate received a memorial from the business men of Seattle, Washington Territory, praying that in the event of the admission of that territory to statehood, the name Washington be retained. They particularly object to the name Tacoma, which has to them, neither sound nor association to recommend it. The memorial does not allude to the vexed question of abbreviation. Can it be that we will some day be flippantly writing "Wash," in absolute disregard for the memory of the late "Father of his Country?"

Reports to the State Department show that during the last ninety days there has been a great falling off in the importation of pauper labor. At the port of New York the coming of Italian contract laborers has almost ceased. This is attributed entirely to the investigation by Mr. Ford's House Committee and the fear of vigorous legislation on the subject. Mr. Ford can leave Congress without the slightest danger of being forgotten. He has, completely unaided, accomplished a great good, even if it should only result in abolishing Castle Garden.

The extent to which the small fry of Washington politicians are influenced by every turn in the political tide is impressive and disgusting. Shortly after Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated there was organized a Jefferson Club, whose object it

was to hold all the offices it could and control the rest. It happened that the brains of the concern were not equal to its will, and it failed to rule the universe. Now the Club proposes to change its name to the Continental Club, which, as the term means nothing, will be safe a name. I would suggest that it be called the Weathercock Club, on the ground of appropriateness.

The Nicaragua Canal bill having passed the House, is now before the Senate, and will go to a conference committee. Its fate will then be determined by the mood of the House when the amended bill comes before it.

A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 9th, 1889.
786 LA FAYETTE AVENUE.

The wonderful piece of news concerning Miss Mollie Fancher of this city has created considerable excitement, as was of course inevitable. The world may be divided into four classes: those who believe everything, those who believe nothing, those who look to their pastors or their most influential friends for their opinions, and last, those who read and study and observe for themselves, and reach conclusions from logical premises. From a trustworthy source the last are glad to accept such information as was given in last week's letter, precisely as they would accept the statements of a truth-telling traveller about the places they had never seen. Strangely enough, the clergy, and the so-called evangelical clergy, are the most skeptical regarding events which cannot be explained without the agency of the spiritual or the clairvoyant. Christ was born of a virgin, and rose from the dead, but a blind, helpless woman in the year 1889 cannot possibly sketch or embroider without physical eyes; neither without a practical scientific education would it be possible for any man or woman to be of service in a great manufacturing company. But there are ministerial exceptions, and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who has bravely come to the front in defence of Dr. Tucker, the Brooklyn clairvoyant physician and his chief henchman in the Tabernacle, is far too consistent to accept one as law and gospel, and discredit the other. Dr. Talmage most kindly consented to an interview on the subject. "Why," said he, "it is absurd to talk about not having an additional sense. This most estimable woman is not alone in possessing the power to see without natural eyes. God is not limited. He can make an eye to see across the world. I believe in science, but there are some things that can neither be weighed nor measured, and when you stop to think you will find that these things which evade all attempts to bring into order and classification, are the most important things in the world. I do not care to talk about clairvoyance as it is generally considered. I go farther than that, and say that God has compensated this brave woman for her afflictions by giving her a power which we may almost call supernatural. I see nothing strange that so capable a woman with so rare an intellect and such exquisite intuitions should find her sphere in a great manufacturing company. That to me is not so wonderful as many other manifestations of her peculiar condition. In fact it seems very natural. But it is the power of God, and in such respects to fall back upon the nomenclature of science is only an attempt to cover up one's ignorance." These psychological subjects are extremely interesting to Dr. Talmage. He evidently believes the age of miracles did not end with the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Mr. George W. Sargent, president of the Sargent Manufacturing Co., told me that he had never had so delicate a question to settle as this of giving Miss Fancher's name to the world as a member of the firm. "I have kept it a secret ever since last March," he said, "because I could not bear to expose her to the comment of the skeptical and curious. On the other hand, common justice to this woman, who is such a help and inspiration in this work of caring for invalids, demanded that she should receive the credit due her. Intellectually Miss Fancher is the most brilliant woman I ever knew. She grasps a situation instantly. There is no beating about the bush, and I have never yet known her to make the slightest mistake."

"Do you think she is assisted by spirit power?" the writer enquired.
"Not necessarily spirit power," Mr. Sargent replied, "but there is a mighty energy at work there, which is to me totally inexplicable. I recognize the power, but I have not knowledge enough to give it a name. I can say this, Miss Fancher has a business head on her shoulders that no man of my acquaintance possesses. She certainly has clear sight, which is the only definition of clairvoyance."

"You mean, then, that Miss Fancher can see into all your inventions and appliances?"
"That is just what I mean, but it is not all. Miss Fancher knows exactly what every invalid wants, and then she knows how it should be constructed. She just knows it, but how, I do not think I shall ever be able to tell."

A remark by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—I was going to say "late" but as he has a horror of this word I will not use it—may not be inappropriate here. In speaking of Miss Fancher's case, he said, with his merriest chuckle: "I believe every word of it. You may take away the eyes, and the legs of some women, pin 'em to the bed, rack 'em with pain, and they'll accomplish a thousand times more in the world than a regiment of ordinary able-bodied men, and that's why I believe in woman's sufferage."

I will finish my letter with a few fashion and domestic notes. Debutantes, whether brought out at an afternoon tea, or at the more formal evening reception, are expected to wear white dresses. These dresses are never made more delicate than the half low round corsage.

The hair is dressed this season to suit the face, and a woman with a Greek head is not forced on account of a prevailing style to drag her hair to the top of her head, neither is the lady to whom a high coiffure is becoming, compelled to wear a small coil at the nape of

the neck. Every first class hair dressing establishment is now provided with artists who know at a glance what will be most becoming to the face and general style.

Among other convenient fashions this winter is that of having different corsages and jabots for the same dress. There are fichus of silk muslin edged with knife pleating, and wide jabots of Mechlin lace, or old thread; in short, anything pretty for the neck and front of the waist is fashionable. By such changes a black silk or handsome wool dress can be made to do double or treble duty.

Oxydized silver cases for watches are constantly growing in favor, and may be said to be extremely fashionable. The back ground is plain silver, and the raised work, consisting of lizards and bees, and all sorts of fantastic designs, is oxydized. These time pieces, as compared with the regulation gold watch, are quite inexpensive and just as good timekeepers.

The ultra stylish have small initials worked on the part of the stockings—"slipper stockings"—that cover the instep. The hosiery is generally black and the letters, quite small, are worked in colors to match the morning costumes. Ten cents a letter is the usual price charged for this work.

Charles Dickens would eat griddle cakes and muffins without stint, but drew the line at hot or fresh bread. "America," he said, "is a land of nerves, and the chief reasons for the disagreeable and abundant crop are rush, and soggy bread. The people hurry as if they had not another minute to live, and gobble their dough with the most pained expression of countenance."

The great observer was right. We do "rush" and we do "gobble our dough," though we are improving. At a cooking school the other evening I saw a young and brilliant society woman taking lessons in making bread. It was a fine and hopeful sight. The flour was sifted, the milk warmed, the salt added, the compressed yeast cake—Fleischmann's, of course—was carefully dissolved in warm water and then the mass was mixed by this pretty girl in a neat white apron, who performed her task *con amore*. Let us have more instructors in that most necessary of all branches—cooking.

"Would you give your nice agate iron ware to a cook to destroy?" I am asked by a troubled soul who signs herself "Distracted housekeeper." If a cook of mine could not use my agate iron ware without destroying it, she would not remain long in my employ. But cooks must be instructed; then long use of iron utensils have made them very handy with the knife. The agate iron ware is very easy to keep clean, but it cannot stand on a red hot stove without water, and not burn, and it should never be harshly scraped, or even scraped at all. The steak and oyster broilers—the nicest things in the world and the utensils which come nearest to the coals need only to be put in warm suds for a few moments, and then wiped dry. They will last for years if properly cared for.

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S. D. VanBaskirk, of Demarest, N. J., says Aug. 20, 1888: "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has cured our daughter of Bright's Disease, after all other means had failed. She was so swollen that she measured 45 inches around the waist, and 18 inches below the knee. To say that we feel thankful for such a boon as Favorite Remedy, is but a poor expression of the feelings of grateful parents."

The good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. Best known cure for Coughs, COLDS & CONSUMPTION. Genuine: Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 10, by Rev. C. H. Watson, Walter H. Peirce and Miss Clara Schwab, both of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 8th, Marlborough, Mass. of Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Minnie Thayer Williams, aged 30th, 25 days.
In Arlington, Jan. 7th, Henry Mott, aged 74 years, 11 months.
In Arlington, Jan. 7, William Prentiss, aged 75 years, 11 months.
In Arlington, Jan. 10, Henry Burns, aged 34 years.

Subscription renewals are now in order and will be gladly received.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The meeting conducted by the neighboring ministers at the Unitarian church did not come off on account of the rain.

Now is the time to subscribe for the *Minute-Man*. Hold fast to the old, which has served you so well in the past is the surest way to make it better in the future.

Rev. Mr. Thompson preached at Nashua, and Rev. Mr. Gage, from that city, at the Follen church, basing his sermon on the words found in Daniel 6: 10.

The Adams Hose and Engine Company held its regular meeting Monday evening. Two new members were voted in and it was voted to have a clam supper next Monday evening.

In the list of awards, given by the county commissioners, the printer made a mistake in regard to the heirs of Pelatiah P. Pierce estate, as \$3000 is the sum given, not \$20, as reported.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," so we think it wise to jog the memory of our people in regard to the entertainment to be given by the young people Jan. 25, to purchase church lamps.

Tobogganists and sleigh-riders sigh for a lodge in some snowbound country. When the snow comes we shall be doubly blessed; in the meantime we should be thankful for the lovely Indian summer weather.

The barn owned by Mrs. Jefferson near Arlington line was burned last Saturday morning after midnight. No alarm was given as it was blazing when discovered and was not very near the house. It was insured for one hundred dollars. Some wood was also burned.

Don't forget the Band of Mercy meets to-morrow afternoon. Let us show by our attendance that the only organization of this kind in Lexington is alive and lending its aid, with the multitude all over the land, to suppress cruelty to those who cannot speak for themselves.

Ministers were not particularly happy the first Sunday of the year, for after making extra preparation to give their people words of advice appropriate for this new milestone in life's journey, the rain descended, and the result was thin churches; but the good seed, let us hope, did not fall on barren ground, for a blessing is promised when two or three even are gathered together.

We think special attention should be called to the notice issued by the Selectmen in reference to the reward of \$25 for the arrest and conviction of any person who shall injure, mar, or deface public buildings in the town of Lexington. We doubt not much of this is done without any maliciousness but thoughtlessly, still it is a serious matter, and our boys and sometimes they are older than boys, should feel that the public property in our town will soon be entrusted to their keeping and they should realize while young, the sacred trust which will be theirs to care for, and keep well preserved.

The closing of the financial year brings to us the thought that soon it will be time for our March town meeting. January nearly half gone, and February is too short to be reckoned as a month. It is time at least to agitate the question in regard to placing a woman on our school board. Lexington seems a little backward in this forward movement, or at least more so than other towns. The recent uprising in Boston has not seemed to find a response in our old town. We do not question the efficiency of our present school board, but the question is, "was it not a success the year it was tried, and is not a woman in her right sphere when she is placed in this position?"

The Sociable held in Village Hall last Friday evening proved a success, though it is to be regretted that no larger number were present. We have an orchestra here of which we may be justly proud. Home talent is far better oftentimes than imported. Mr. Eddie Tyler, played on the violin and also Mr. Ernest Kauffmann, Mr. Arthur Tyler on the cornet and Mr. Ellsworth Pierce on the piano. The broom drill is enjoyed every time, and other games were participated in by the young people. Misses Carrie and Fannie Kauffmann lent them aid by playing on the piano and there was a violin solo by E. Tyler. Mr. Carlton Childs sang two songs which were highly appreciated by the audience. They were "Anchored" and "A Warrior Bold." We cannot help repeating, what we have previously said that the thanks of our little community is especially due to the efforts of these young men to promote sociability in our midst.

The January number is the second beautiful holiday issue of the *Wide Awake* for the season. It opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The words for recitation are by Clara Doty Bates, the music with each verse for the violin is by Ezekiah Butterworth, entitled, "Good Luck." Another Christmas story "Such a Little Thing" is by the popular English writer, Mrs. L. B. Walford. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, has a sketch of early California, called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories are very readable, and "The Legend of William Tell" gives some excellent reasons for clashing that popular episode of Swiss history among folk.



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Mortgagee's Sale of Estate
on Claremont Ave., Arlington Heights.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed, dated February 8th, A.D. 1882, given by George F. Hollis to the Universalist Publishing House, a corporation established by law and located in Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Libro 1591, folio 432, will by reason of the breach of the condition contained in same, sell by public auction, on Thursday, January 27th, A.D. 1889, at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., on the premises hereinafter described, the following property, viz:—
A certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, situated in that part of Arlington called Arlington Heights, and being lot numbered three in block four of section B of the Arlington Land Company's lands, as shown in a plan of said Company's lands made by Whitman & Breck and recorded with Middlesex So. Deeds, in Book 21, Plans, and bounded easterly on Claremont Avenue seventy-five feet, southerly on lot four in said block one hundred and fifty feet, westerly on lots 18 and 19 seventy-nine and 34-100 feet, and northerly on lots 1 and 2 one hundred and fifty feet, containing 11.568 square feet; subject to the restrictions contained in the deed of the Arlington Land Company to said George F. Hollis, and recorded with said Deeds, Libro 1515, folio 607. \$200 to be paid down at sale, when terms will be made known.
The Universalist Publishing House, by its treasurer, J. D. W. JOY, Boston, Dec. 17, 1888. Side 3w

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tates. Mrs. Sally Joy White tells in "Fire-building" how the girls are taught to build a fire in the Boston Public Schools which is exactly how a fire should be built in everybody's kitchen, while the chapter by M. E. Davis is one of the best Christmas stories of the season. There are poems by Mrs. Whitton-Stone, Margaret Eytinge, Faith Cleveland Lee, and others. A very bright department has been added to the magazine called "Men and Things" full of contributed anecdotes, reminiscences, descriptions and "short talks." *Wide Awake* is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The frontispiece of the January Century is Cole's engraving of the head of Christ, by Giotto. Besides this engraving, in the Century series of Old Italian Masters, another purely art feature of this number is the article on the young American sculptor, Olin Warner, illustrated by reproductions of his work. The long announced articles by Mr. Charles DeKay, on Ireland, begin in this number, the first being entitled "Pagan Ireland" with illustrations of the medieval castle at Clonmencoe, the Cross at Monasterboice, the round tower at Ardmore, etc., etc. Mr. Wilson, the photographer, continues his series on the Holy Land. The Lincoln Life in this number deals with three commanding events, Pope's Virginia Campaign, the battle of Antietam, and the announcement of emancipation. An illustrated article on "The West Point of the Confederacy" gives an account of a battle the details of which are little known in the North, and in which the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington took a conspicuous and romantic part, suffering heavily in killed and wounded. An essay by Colonel Auchmuty tells about a new movement in connection with the subject of American labor. Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist, himself writes as well as illustrates an article entitled "Horses of the Plains." Mr. Kennan, in an article presents some of the most astounding facts gathered by him in Siberia. In "Topics of the Time" are discussed "Annexation, or Federation?" "Seperate Municipal Elections," the question, "Are We Just to our Architects?" and "A Crisis in the Copyright Agitation." "Open Letters" deals with "Lawyers' Morals," the "Life of Lincoln," and "The Mother's Right."

There were evidences of a coming storm, but when he drew from his pocket a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup then came a calm, for the baby had the croup and would now get well.

Little Willie screams and storms with a burn upon his arm. To little Willie joy is sent, by using Salvation Oil, the great liniment.

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An Attack of Gravel.

The Terrible Suffering of a Woman at 60—

How She was Happily Cured.

There is nothing I now enjoy that I do not owe to having used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. My troubles began in my kidneys and from which I never expected to recover. First there was pain in my back, I was feverish, with no appetite and could not sleep. I was compelled to use a cane, and finally got so weak that I could not stand alone. The distress in my back was terrible. I was burning up with a fever or constantly shivering as if cold. My physicians said:

I HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE,

which was alarming information. To add to my affliction after I had been ill about two years, I had a bad attack of Gravel. When this made its appearance my physician gave up my case, and I resigned myself to die. I had for doctors attend me, the best in the country, yet I constantly grew worse. Six years ago last June, however, I remember the time I saw Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertised in our paper. After using one bottle I threw away my cane and went to New York on a visit, and three bottles cured me. I have never had a return of Gravel, nor of the pains or weakness in the back, and though I am over sixty years of age I am

Now Vigorous and Strong!

as I was in my prime. I do all my own work, and rarely know what it is to be tired. I keep the medicine in the house and give it to my grandchildren, and recommend it whenever I can. What physicians and all of the various remedies I had taken could not do Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did—it stayed the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman.

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existence vouchsafed to most other associations cannot be enjoyed by the Grand Army of the Republic. Your ranks, like the ranks of an army in battle, are constantly being thinned. You cannot be largely reinforced with new recruits. The number of those holding critical positions entitle them to membership is limited and growing less day by day. All too soon there will be but a single comrade left as custodian of this record, whose duty it will be to place it in the Public Library. In imagination we can see him slowly winding his way to the place of deposit, bearing in his hands the record, then complete, of all the members of this Post; there in the library may it remain, while the institution itself exists, a volume unsurpassed by any upon the shelves in local interest, a volume to be consulted by the historian, to be referred to and read by the citizen who knows the patriotism of his ancestors, and desires to emulate their example;—a volume to which the teachers in our public schools, when giving instruction in American history, can direct the attention of their pupils, telling them that there they will find recorded the lives and deeds of the men who, in the grandest epoch of the history, went from the town to the country, and there fought for liberty for the country, for the flag which symbolizes both, and as the sons and representatives, and to the undying honor and glory of Arlington. Mr. Commander, please direct, in behalf of your Post, this *Wide Awake* (Record), and with it the best wishes of those who have joined in its presentation.

Commander James A. Blanchard received the volume, and called on comrade Charles S. Parker to respond for him in formally accepting the highly appreciated gift. Mr. Parker spoke of the value of such a record, the need that what is to be written be penned quickly, and requested the Governor to convey to those associated with him in the gift the gratitude of Post 36 for this new proof of regard and interest. Other speeches followed by the installing officer, Mrs. Dugan, Mrs. Averill, Mrs. Randall, of the W. R. C. Com. of Post 30, Cambridge. Past Com. John L. Parker, of Lynn, W. L. Fox, Commander Harris of S. V., and last, but not least, Past Com. Horace D. Durgin, who in a neatly worded and happily conserved address presented Past Commander Bacon with an elegant gold G. A. R. badge. The surprise nearly overcame the recipient, but he managed to make his deep appreciation felt by all present. The book of record presented by Gov. Brackett is really an elegant piece of book-making, and bears upon the cover the donors' names, as follows: Hon. John Q. A. Brackett, Cyrus Wood, F. Seth Frost, Charles Gott, William Proctor, Samuel G. Damon, Warren A. Peirce, Asa Durgin, James Durgin, George D. Tufts, William E. Wood.

The Billboards' Decline.

Theatrical managers have lately been discussing the question of the most profitable manner of advertising their shows. A few years ago the billboard was the only recognized method of communication between the manager and his patrons. Spaces upon every fence and corner were eagerly bought up by the enterprising advance agent; saloon windows were utilized to hold the lithographs, and a free pass accompanied each picture displayed. What was the result? After the agent had gone his rounds and repared the town ticket scalper also began his pilgrimage. He bought up the free passes at a small cost and sold them afterward at a good profit to himself and filled the house at a direct loss to the original management. The scheme was a complete failure.

Later another plan was adopted and with similar results. Season tickets, admitting the holder to four performances a month and not transferable, were issued, and on each performance the door keeper was obliged to punch out one of the dates, as in a railroad ticket. The result was that the holders of these passes held off until they had accumulated a dozen or so of admissions to their credit, and then swooped down upon the theatre in their might and owned the house. In Buffalo last season one manager was forced to give away 1,700 free admissions in one week, and only saved himself from ruin by getting the differences in the prices of those of his patrons who wished to obtain better seats than their passes admitted them to.

It is generally conceded among advanced theatrical managers that the newspaper is at once the cheapest and the best way of reaching the great theatre-going public. Such is the condition of Philadelphia at present that upon the principal streets there are no places for the billboard and the lithograph. They must be exiled to the suburbs, where the theatrical patron never ventures, and the small boy who cannot read unites with the equally illiterate goat for their speedy destruction. An afternoon's shower will erase the work of days, batter down the signs, blur the colors, and generally destroy the most ambitious bill posted. The newspaper is, in truth, the only reliable means of theatrical as it is of other advertisement. It is cheaper, further reaching and appeals to a better clientele, and the constant increase in the space occupied by the theatre advertisements in the leading papers shows that this fact is understood. —Philadelphia Times.

Always keep it on hand, as delay increases suffering; and if you feel sickness coming upon you, take a dose of Laxador. It can do you no harm, and may save you from the sickroom. Price only 25 cents a package. Sold everywhere.

All that have once used it pronounce Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best medicine known for the complaints of early childhood. Price only 25 cents.

WINN'S

Arlington and Boston Express.

OFFICES: 33 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Leave Arlington at 9 a. m.; Boston at 2 p. m.

F. H. PRASER, J. W. McLeod, Proprietors.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank

After January 1st, 1888, the bank will be open for business on Tuesdays, from 3 to 6 p. m.; on Wednesdays, from 3 to 6 p. m.; on Saturdays, from 3 to 6 p. m.

Deposits draw interest from the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

ABEL E. PROCTOR, Treasurer.

A WINTER GARDEN.

All through the winter on her window-sill
I see a little garden smile and bloom.
As though a waif of summer in the room
Finds refuge there safe from the bitter chill;
The sunbeams love to linger there and fill
The blossoms love to linger there and fill
The blossoms love to linger there and fill
There, for a space, the sun forgets the gloom
Of barren field and snow-enshrouded hill.
And she who tends it has a gracious mien,
Her hair is white as the moonlit snow—
A feeble woman, like the year, grown old.
Ah, this is Winter, in whose heart the green
Of springtime and the blossom's ruddy glow
Sleep warmly! Age wherein youth grows
not cold!
—*E. D. Sherman, in American Magazine.*

A CHANCE OBSERVATION.

BY CHARLES A. PLACE.

One day, while studying sun spots with my telescope, which was a fine and powerful instrument, it occurred to me to fit my terrestrial eye piece to the tube and amuse myself looking around the country.
I had frequently tested the power of my glass by reading the time on a church clock in a neighboring town, and counting lightning rods on distant buildings and in various other ways, and I never tired of making fresh tests.
On this day I had been through my routine, and while sweeping the glass slowly around for fresh objects of interest, I saw, through a vista in a distant piece of woods, two men carrying a small, but seemingly heavy trunk.
I knew the woods perfectly, having become familiar with every square yard of it in my gunning expeditions.
The sight of two men carrying a trunk in the woods was singular enough to excite my curiosity. I speculated on their probable errand, and, remembering that there was a railroad station not far from there, I decided that they were on their way to intercept a train.
As I watched, the two men, putting the trunk down and using it for a seat, began an animated conversation, which, I judged, was an argument. My opinion was based on their gestures and facial expressions, which I could see plainly.
One of the men was much taller than the other, much better dressed, and had much finer features. The other, who was of low stature, but very powerful looking, owing to a great breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, was dressed like a laborer.
I could see these men so plainly that it seemed strange that I could not hear their voices; and I felt so much like an eavesdropper, that when they started simultaneously and looked in my direction, I instinctively shrank back to avoid observation.
They must have heard some noise which startled them, for they rose quickly, and stood in attitudes which betokened expectancy. They stood thus, alert, watchful and apparently listening, for a few instants, and then resumed their seats, as if what had disturbed them was no longer an object of anxiety.
The tall man soon rose, in a decisive sort of way, and the other, rather reluctantly, as I thought, walked away.
I concluded that the tall man had sent him back for some forgotten piece of baggage. It seemed natural that the relations of the two men should be those of master and servant; but I could not understand the equality indicated by the mutual labor of carrying the trunk, or the apparently familiar air of discussion.
No, I was mistaken in my surmise; the servant, if he were such, had not gone more than a few steps; for here he was again, bearing a pickaxe and spade.
The tall man, in the meantime, had been talking about as if selecting a spot to bury the trunk, for he pointed to a large hollow beside a granite boulder, where the servant began digging, after having cleared away the leaves which had gathered there.
While the servant was digging, the master sat on the boulder, watching him at work, and smoking a cigar which I saw him take from a pocket cigarette case and light.
When the hole was ready, the two men lifted the trunk into it, and the short one covered it with the earth he had thrown out, and then carefully covered the place with leaves.
The spot selected was a good one for the purpose, as the hollow merely looked a little shallower than be ore.
After the short man had carefully concealed the tools beneath a projecting part of the rock, and filled the crevice with leaves, the two held a short conversation and separated, going in different directions—the tall man toward the railroad station, and the other in the direction from which they had come with the trunk. Just as the men disappeared, I heard steps coming up the observatory stairs.
I drew a long breath (as one does after having finished a chapter in an interesting book), and, turning from my glass, saw a servant bringing me a telegram. It bore the announcement of a near relative's death; and it drove from my mind all thought of the occurrence which had just engrossed my attention so thoroughly.
As soon as I could get a train, I was on my way to a distant city, where I had to represent my family at the funeral of my late relative.
Circumstances connected with business pertaining to my relative's estate detained me somewhat more than a month.
Soon after my return home, I heard of a robbery which had been committed in the neighboring town of —, a month or more before. Mr. Hammond, a wealthy gentleman, who owned a fine place on the bank of the — river, had been robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, silverware and other things, among which was a very fine collection of precious stones, both cut and uncut. No trace of the stolen articles had been found; nor had any clue to the identity of the burglars been discovered.
Finding by comparing dates, that the robbery was committed the night before I left home, I jumped at a conclusion: The men in the woods, whom I had seen making the strange burial of a trunk, were the robbers, and were burying their plunder on the day following the robbery.
Thinking it a duty to inform Mr. Hammond of what I had seen, I drove over — the next day, and called at his L. — although personally we were unknown to each other. I was ushered into the parlor by the servant, who took my card to his master, and I waited some time for his appearance. While thinking over what I should say by way of introduction to the story I had come to tell, I was startled by seeing before me, in the doorway, one of the very men I had seen bury the trunk! It was the tall, well-dressed one.
Before I had recovered from the shock of surprise caused by the sight of him, he advanced with the ease of a well-bred host and welcomed me, calling me by name, and putting the matter beyond a doubt that this was Mr. Hammond himself.
"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting so long Mr. Brainard," said he, seating himself near me, "but I have been busy with some men who have been out hunting for my missing gardener, who disappeared so mysteriously the day before yesterday. You may have heard about it."
There was no doubt that this was Mr. Hammond, the owner of the house; but what should I say to him? Tell him that I had seen him in the woods that day helping to bury the treasure of which he had been robbed? No; that was too absurd.
Not being able now to speak of the motive for my call, I decided to answer his last words, and trust to the drift of the conversation to help me. So I answered rather awkwardly:
"No, I had not heard of your gardener's disappearance; but I heard last night for the first time of the robbery that occurred here about a month ago."
"Yes; that was as mysterious and inexplicable as the disappearance of the gardener; but the latter occurrence has so engrossed my attention for the past two days, as to put the former almost out of my mind."
"What sort of a looking man was your gardener?" I asked, not knowing what to say, but wishing to say something.
"A rather striking-looking man on account of his powerful physique. He was not a tall man, being a trifle under the average height, in fact; but from his hips up, he was one of the strongest-looking men I ever saw. Here, I can show you, much better than I can describe, how he looks."
Rising, Mr. Hammond walked to the corner of the room, and returned with a photograph of his house. The gardener had been taken in the view, and there he stood—the very man whom I saw in the woods, burying the trunk. I could not mistake that figure and face. A small head surmounted the shoulders. The face was plainly distinguishable in the picture and I could, without difficulty, identify it as the one I had seen through my telescope.
Mr. Hammond probably noticed my critical examination of the picture, for he broke the silence which lasted during my long scrutiny, by asking:
"Did you ever happen to see him, Mr. Brainard?"
"Yes," said I, "and under circumstances so peculiar that to tell you about it was the sole object of this call."
"Indeed?"
"I did not know until now," I continued, "that he was your gardener, or that he had disappeared; but the day after the robbery at your house I saw this man," tapping the photograph with my finger as I spoke, "with another man, in a piece of woods not far from here, carrying a trunk containing something heavy, and I saw this man dig a hole and bury the trunk."
"Another man do you say? What sort of a looking man?" asked Mr. Hammond, quickly.
"By no means so striking in his individuality," I replied. "He was taller than the gardener, I should say."
"And his face? Did you see that? Could you recognize him?"
"No," said I, answering the last question only, "I saw the whole affair with my telescope, from my observatory in —. I had been studying sun spots, and by the merest chance, I was looking round the country with my terrestrial eye piece, when I happened upon this scene in the woods."
It may have been my imagination which made me think Mr. Hammond breathed more easily.
"What you have told me does much to clear up the mystery both of the robbery and the disappearance of the gardener; Strange, that we should not have thought of the relations these two events might bear to each other! But we had never suspected John in the slightest degree. To be sure, we have had him only a few months; but he has been sober, industrious and apparently trustworthy in every way. We were much puzzled by the fact that the entry was made without violence. After what you have told me, it is very easy to see it all."
I did not know what to think of Mr. Hammond's coolness in the matter. Was it all feigned; or was I dreaming that day? I began to doubt that I had seen the gardener, even; yet here was his likeness in my hand and here was the other man I had seen, sitting before me. Perhaps there might be some reason why Mr. Hammond wished these jewels to disappear, and perhaps, after having used his gardener to secrete them, he had quietly sent him away, knowing where to find him when he wished.
"By the way, Mr. Brainard, do you think you could go to that spot in the woods?"
"Yes, indeed; I am familiar with every square foot of that ground, and have been many times at that very place. If you like, I will show you just where it is."
"The very thing I was about to request. If not too great a tax on your time and kindness, I would like to have you go with me, and show me where the rogues buried my jewels. Ah! Mr. Brainard, you do not know how much I feel the loss of those. No one but a collector can appreciate that part of it."
His eye fairly sparkled with enthusiasm as he spoke of his collection, and tried to make me understand that the beauty and rarity which his specimens possessed were seldom equaled even in public collections.
"Of course," said he, "there will be no chance of recovering anything; but you know we might find some clue at the spot where the things were buried, which would lead to the apprehension of the robbers. Can we drive there?"
"No; the shortest and best way, as it seems to me, is to take a boat and drop down the river to the nearest point where we can walk from there."
We did so immediately, and when we arrived at the place where I intended to

leave the boat, Mr. Hammond exclaimed:
"Why, this is the very spot where the boat was found, when we were searching for the gardener! It was the finding of the boat which led to the theory that John had come down here to bathe, had been taken with cramps and drowned. I have not favored that theory at all. John was not the sort of man to be drowned while swimming."
I was almost persuaded by the man's manner and his evident willingness to go to the place that he was innocent of deceit.
"I am afraid this means that you will never see your collection again, Mr. Hammond," I said. "The disappearance of the gardener, and the finding of the boat here, are proof enough, to my mind, that he came here and dug up the treasure and went off with it."
"Of course, of course; I don't expect to find anything here; but we may find a clue."
When we arrived at the opening in the woods and saw the boulder on which I had seen Mr. Hammond sitting that day, the scene of a month ago came back so vividly that again I felt sure that this was the man whom I saw. I could not understand his self-possession. Was he doing all this for a blind?
He looked with much interest when I pointed out to him the top of my observatory, just peeping out over the trees, in the distance, and said:
"How fortunate that you were studying sun spots that day, Mr. Brainard; but for that, it would have all been a mystery still."
Then turning to the rock, he continued:
"Is this the place?"
"Yes," said I, somewhat surprised that he should have asked; for I was very sure that I had not told where the trunk was buried.
Trying not to show that I was surprised, I said:
"Let us look this place over carefully, before disturbing any of the leaves or earth."
We did so, and found nothing.
"Now, we will see if the trunk has been dug up. I think if it had been, the place would not have been so carefully re-covered."
I then looked for the tools under the rock, and found them without difficulty. I went to work immediately, and began to scratch away the leaves, preparatory to digging, when I saw something glitter among the leaves.
"Ha! A clew," I exclaimed, stooping to pick it up.
It was an old-fashioned watch key—a large, oval piece of chalcidion, set in gold. Holding it up for Mr. Hammond to see, I said:
"This may lead to the discovery of the robbers, and possibly to the recovery of your property."
He was silent.
Looking up from the key in my hand, I saw that he was deathly pale, and trembling violently.
"So," I thought, "at last, your self-possession deserts you."
Feeling sure that the key belonged to him, and that he had dropped it there, I said:
"That did not belong to the gardener, did it?"
"No," he answered, almost in a whisper; "that belonged to my father, and to my grandfather before him."
"Oh! Then it was among the stolen jewelry? The rogues dropped it, when they buried or dug up the trunk?"
"No; it was not among the stolen things," Mr. Hammond replied, in a measured sort of way. There was something about the tone of his voice, which had a sadness in it, I thought.
Not liking to watch his discomfort, I began digging energetically. I had not dug far, when the spade struck something soft and yielding, yet with resistance enough to stop the spade. I struck it again; and this time I uncovered what appeared to be cloth. Yes, it was cloth; and the next stroke showed it to be the sleeve of a man's coat, with a ghastly hand protruding from it.
I jumped back with a cry of horror. At the same instant a similar exclamation escaped Mr. Hammond's lips.
"This is work for the coroner," said I.
"And the hangman," added Mr. Hammond, in a whisper.
My first thought was of the missing gardener; and I believed I was in the presence of the murderer as well as the murdered. Could it be possible? If so, why had he come here and let the discovery be made? Moreover, what motive could have induced him to kill the gardener? These thoughts flashed through my mind, rapidly.
Second thought caused me to look more closely at the dead hand. Perhaps this was not the gardener after all.
No, it was not; most certainly, this hand never did any work; the fineness of the skin and the appearance of the nails plainly showed that the hand was not that of a working man.
Without further thought of coroners, I began to dig again, though very carefully now, and finally using my hands.
Very soon I uncovered the unfortunate man's face.
Great heavens! was I awake, or dreaming some horrible dream?
Here, lying partly buried in the earth, were the face and form of Mr. Hammond. Here was Mr. Hammond dead and buried. Here was Mr. Hammond, standing looking into his own grave, and trembling like an aspen.
With an effort I convinced myself that I was awake and not dreaming. This wonderful likeness accounted for my cruel misjudgment of Mr. Hammond.
Yes; I could see that this man was older looking than Mr. Hammond, now that I examined his face. Death had changed it somewhat, but I could swear to the identity of this man, and the man who sat smoking a cigar on the rock.
"Who is he?" I asked, feeling sure Mr. Hammond could answer me.
"Killed by the gardener?" I said.
"Yes, I fear so, and all for those miserable jewels. I must tell you a very sad story, Mr. Brainard, in order to explain this to you. My poor brother, here, was even more fond of jewels than I, and had a remarkable collection of his own. Although much excelled in many particulars, our mother, who, — yes, I must tell you—died insane, had the same passion for jewels, and I think transmitted it to us. I have no doubt that my brother, in his mania to add my specimens to his own, bribed my man—whom he may have sent here months

ago, for this purpose—to assist him. I feel sure that John killed him to get the jewels, as well as the bribe."
Mr. Hammond's unfortunate brother was buried in the family lot, after a coroner's inquest, which found that he came to his death by the means of some blunt instrument, in the hands of some one unknown to the jury.
No one, save Mr. Hammond and myself, ever knew the motive of the murder.
Nothing was ever heard of the gardener or the jewels.
Detectives, privately employed by Mr. Hammond, reported that a man answering to his description sailed for England, in an English barge which never arrived. Probably she foundered at sea, carrying down with her the gardener and Mr. Hammond's jewels.—*Fantec Blue.*

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

APPEARANCE AND DAILY HABITS OF THE EMPRESS'S WIFE.

A Handsome Woman of Unusual Intellectual Attainments—How She Occupies Her Time.

Frank G. Carpenter says in a Tokio letter to the New York World that the Empress of Japan is just about as old as her husband (thirty-eight years). She is a full head shorter than the average American woman and has a slender figure, very straight and very dignified. She appreciates her position and walks like an Empress. It is now more than a year since she adopted foreign clothes, and her jet-black hair is combed in foreign style and a foreign waterfall sits upon her shapely crown. She has a fine complexion, much lighter than the ordinary Japanese, and she has that drooping of the lower lip which is a mark of Japanese beauty. The only pictures that are now procurable of her are those in her old court dress, but these give a fair idea of her features, and her face is decidedly aristocratic. "She does not," says the Court Chamberlain, "paint her lower lip nor blacken her teeth, as was the former custom of Japanese wives, and she wears now a straight bang of hair across her forehead." Her first European costumes, so a society lady of Tokio tells me, were ordered from Germany, but the Germans did not feel competent for the task and sent her measure to Worth at Paris. The clothes were made and shipped back to Berlin, and the German dressmakers there exposed them as their own and all of the capital of Germany was called in to inspect the clothes which the Empress of Japan was about to wear. Such an action would hardly be possible in the case of a European queen, and I have heard it condemned with much indignation here. At present I am told that the Empress buys her clothes as far as possible, in Japan. She is a thorough little Japanese queen, and she is anxious to do everything to advance her own people.

"She is," in the words of the Court Chamberlain, "especially interested in Japanese women, and she tries to promote their advancement in every way. She is very charitable, and she is especially patron of the Red Cross Society and of the Tokio Charity Hospital. She often visits the hospital and her influence is given for the good. At the late eruption of Bandaisan she sent money at once to relieve the sufferers from the volcano, and she is especially interested in the education of Japanese women. There is a female school attended by the girls of the nobles, which is known as the Empress's school. She watches very closely over this, and one of the pictures upon its walls consists of some poetry written by her. The Empress of Japan is a fine Chinese scholar, and she is one of the best poets in the Empire. Many of her poems have been set to music and have been used as national songs, and quite a number of them have been published in the Japanese newspapers."

"Tell me something of the daily life of the Empress," said I.

"She has," replied the Court Chamberlain, "an establishment of her own, and it is quite a large one. She has her maids of honor, her private secretaries and the ladies of the court to deal with. Her morning is occupied by the reading and writing of letters. She attends to the supervision of her various charities through others chiefly, and in the afternoon she devotes herself to social duties. She receives at this time the wives of the Ministers and the Princesses who may call upon her, and if they come at the proper time these sometimes take tea with her. She sometimes invites these ladies to meetings to discuss matters relating to the charity hospital, and she has a Grand Marshal and a Chamberlain. She is, you know, the first Empress of the new order of things, even as the Emperor is the first Emperor. She wears but little jewelry, though she has some diamond rings and bracelets. She is a fine horse-back rider, and often takes a turn on one of the horses of the imperial stables. She wears a European riding habit and sits her horse well."

The Emperor, the Empress and the Crown Prince make up the royal family, or at least the three most important members of it. Each of these three has, as I said, an establishment of his own inside of the palace grounds. The Crown Prince is heir-apparent to the throne. He is the son of the Emperor by Mrs. Yanguwara, and not by the Empress Haruko. The Mikado of Japan has the right to twelve wives in addition to the Empress, and the children of these, in case of the failure of issue by the Empress, have the right to the throne. They are all legitimate and noble, and it is to these wives in times past, that the nobles of the court families of to-day date their origin. Very little is known about them outside the royal palace. These wives do not appear at the Court ceremonies, and I am told that each has her little establishment inside of the palace grounds. They are a part of the constitution of the royal family, and in the directory of Japan for this year I find that the Emperor has had by them nine children, though all with the exception of three of these have died. Children thus born have nothing to do with their mothers, and the young Prince was brought up apart. I asked the Court Chamberlain about this department of the palace. He would say nothing, and said it was not proper for him to discuss such a private matter of the Emperor's.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing
And names that are never spoken.
There are treasures guarded with jealous care
And kept as a secret token,
There are faded flowers and letters dim
With the tears that have rained above them,
For the fickle words and faithless hearts
That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes
In hours of thoughtful sadness.
For, the blithest birds that sing in spring
Will fit the waiting summer,
And lips that we kiss in fondlest love
Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where the lilies rest
In white hands still forever,
The roses of June will nod and blow,
Unheeding the hearts that sever,
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
All words of hope refusing.
Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet elysian,
Hope, like a siren dim and fair,
Quickening our fainting vision;
Drooping spirit and failing pulse,
Where untold memories hover,
Eyelids touched with the seal of death,
And the fitful dream is over.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Bound in calf"—Veal.
Caught on the fly—Trout.
Two physicians are a paradox.
The burning question—Smoke.
Fire-side companion—The poker.
A loan fellow—The pawnbroker.
Unpopular preserves—Jim-jams.
A writ of attachment—A love letter.
Old maids know what a mis-spent life means.
The oldest and most inveterate smoker in history is Vesuvius.
It is the astronomer who most frequently rises to observe.
When a man doubles his fists you can hardly say he has four hands.
There is a resemblance between books and real estate. Both have titles.
The man who lives from hand to mouth should not have to go for his dinner.
To make a Russian name—imitate the "tchug" of a bull frog, give one sneeze and say "ski."
Honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.—*New York News.*
A young New England baby was named William after his father, who was bilious.—*Harper's Bazar.*
The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. Their object can be seen through, and will be sat upon.
A barking dog is the most courteous of all animals. He makes his bow to every passer-by.—*Binghamton Republican.*
Money can slip through a pretty small hole sometimes. A Brooklyn man lost a considerable sum lately through a pew rent.
All the street cars have a sign, "no smoking," and yet any conductor will help a woman to a light.—*New York World.*
A good many of the cashiers who are settling in Canada are those who have neglected to do any settling over here.—*New York News.*
Woman (to tramp)—"How's the soup?" Tramp—"Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it."
Waiter—"You want frogs, eh?" Guest—"Not see whole animals, I want zee, vat you call him—zee drumsteaks."—*Pittsburgh Record.*
Brown—"Did you dispose of that last lyric you wrote?" Young Byron—"O yes, I got it off on the publishers for a song."—*Yankee Blade.*
Duluth people say that that city is growing so rapidly that, sitting down in the suburbs, with the city against the skyline, you can see it grow.
"It requires only two things to run a successful campaign," said the politician. "And what are they?" asked a bystander. "Dollars and sense."
Tramp, picking up a five cent piece—"A bloody nickel, hum! Wasn't nothin' but a Jonah all my life. Anybody else but me a pick'd up that nickel and it'd be a quarter, sure." (Sighs).
Shakespeare was slightly mixed in his "seven ages." It is the "whining school boy" whom the maternal eye has detected in some flagrant act of disobedience that "shifts into the slippers pantaloons."
Leader of the Boggsville male quartet to editor of the Boggsville Herald—"What can we do to interest the public in our organization?" Editor (without looking up)—"Disband."—*Burlington Free Press.*
A baby girl in Missouri has been named Rainbow. Sixteen years hence, when she is caught in a summer shower, she should feel very much at home, although she would then be a little rain deer.—*Norristown Herald.*
They say the German Emperor is spilling to pitch in; He sharpens up his spurs and longs To make the sawdust spin.
"Who wants to pit a cock against The Bantam of Berlin?"—*Burlington Free Press.*
Lawyer—"So that is the entire list of your debts?" Insolvent Manager—"Oh, no; there are many other little items." Lawyer—"Don't you want me to add them in detail?" Manager—"No; just say, for further particulars see small bills."—*America.*
An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets his wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.—*Norristown Herald.*
"Did that lady buy anything?" asked the jeweler of his new-boy, as the lady in question left the store, apparently in a temper. "He did not," she asked me for an old gold breast pin, and I asked her if she took this store for a junk shop. Then she went out.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*
Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chandler is having a \$1000 gown constructed by a fashionable New York dressmaker.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The only color that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue.
Persons who have had smallpox are peculiarly liable to tuberculosis.
During the last year the output of the Walter A. Wood works, at Hoosack Falls, N. Y., was 55,940 complete harvesting machines.
A single shad produces 10,000 eggs, and only about 4000 are hatched naturally. By the artificial method 9800 are successfully hatched.
A single attack of yellow fever, however mild, mostly protects from future attacks. There is reason to hope that such protection might be gained by inoculation.
Two hundred dollars per month is the amount of royalty said to be received by the inventor of the cement-like substance with which manufacturers of corncob pipes fill the interstices of the cobs.
White birch is the favored wood in the manufacture of toothpicks, the wood being delicately white as well as sweet to the taste, and there is a constant demand for the goods at a little less than \$2 a case of 150,000 picks.
The abutments of a bridge over a river in Austria have settled twenty feet in the river bed since 1836. As the settlement progresses, the masonry of the bridge is built up correspondingly so as to maintain the same road level.
The heavy rain which generally accompanies a thunderstorm has also the effect of clearing the air by dissolving the noxious exhalations collected in it, and by mixing the purer air of the upper regions with that of the lower.
San Francisco tanneries now turn out an annual product of over \$1,000,000 value; there are twenty of them, using 4000 cords of wood in tanning 200,000 hides. The value of trunks manufactured in that city is \$300,000 yearly, and the value of the fourteen glove factories per annum is \$230,000.
Experiment in transplanting the beautiful Alpine flower, edelweiss, into the other mountain ranges of Europe shows that the flower changes its character in a new home. In the mountains of Bohemia it has become a new species, bearing red blossoms instead of the beautiful pure white blooms of Switzerland.
Notwithstanding the immense growth of the shoe business in the West, it is not probable that eastern manufacturers will suffer very much from competition. Every year there has been a great increase in the number of cases sent out by New York, Boston and Philadelphia houses, and last year's business was particularly good.
Sulfate of copper is recommended for keeping posts and timber from decay. Telegraph poles in Norway are said to be preserved by boring inch-holes about two feet from the ground, and filling with the sulphate of copper crystals, afterward plugging the holes with wood. The crystals generally dissolve and permeate the wood, turning it a greenish color.
A new Persian industry is the manufacture of hoar frost glass, which is covered with feathery patterns resembling those naturally produced upon window panes in cold weather. The glass is first given a ground surface, either by the sand-blast of the ordinary method, and is then coated with soft varnish. The varnish contracts strongly in drying, taking with it the particles of glass to which it adheres, and this reproduces very accurately the branching crystal of frostwork. A single coat gives a delicate effect, and several coats yield a bold design.

Why Prescriptions are Mysterious.

"Why do you write prescriptions in these hieroglyphics?" I asked a doctor.
"To save the patients a lot of worry. If I were to write this in plain terms so that you could read it, you'd be scared to death. You don't know what it is and you take it with a certain curiosity. If you knew all about it you would perhaps throw it away or think it couldn't do you any good or something."
"Or find out that I'm paying seventy-five cents for five cents worth of drugs."
"Sometimes. But druggists have got to keep these things; they cost a good deal of money sometimes, and some of them don't keep long and have to be thrown away. Some of them are very rarely used, but they have to be kept in stock. Besides if I wrote the prescription out in ordinary terms some people would be afraid the druggist clerk would know what's the matter with them, and they think the hieroglyphics keep it secret. Yes, there are many reasons for not writing prescriptions plain."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bowie-Knives.

The "bowie-knife" was invented by Rezin Bowie, who was born in Tennessee, but it was never intended by him to be aught else but a hunting knife. During a chase after wild cattle in the Attapugas, a cow, with which he was engaged in combat, caught his knife with her horn, and drawing it through his hand, very nearly cut his thumb off. On his return home he had made by his own plantation blacksmith, a knife with a piece placed across the hilt, so as to prevent a recurrence of the accident. His friends saw and liked the knife, and he had many made and presented to them. It obtained its name from the fact that James Bowie, a brother of the inventor, very nearly met with a serious accident on account of his gun falling to go off during some hunting expedition. Rezin then gave him his knife, remarking: "Take old Bowie, Jim; she never hangs fire."

HOPE.

Hope is an anxious, craving dream,
And lingers here until the beam
Of life shall fade away;
And in the shining sands that gleam
Along life's treacherous, bounding stream,
We trace her name today.

How oft upon life's sandy shore
Libations sweet to Hope we pour,
Expecting much to gain;
They sink in sand, are seen no more,
Our moment's dream of bliss is o'er,
Till charmed by hope again.

How lightly will Hope's morning dreams
Leave us when life's noonday beams
Upon our heads shall fall;
Till her bright dream alone that seems
That future life with riches teems
And strives to grasp them all.

Though chilled by stormy changing life
And wounded by the darts of strife,
On lowly cot she lies;
Though tyrants rage and fate should mock,
She will recover from the shock,
And not entirely die.

Her star still guides the sailor's eye
And sweetly soothes the maiden's sigh,
And binds them soul to soul;
A something in the human breast
That will not sleep, that cannot rest,
Nor yield to fate's control.

Upon life's path it is the light
That guides each traveler aright,
To every soul its given;
It is the Christian's light divine,
And on his path will ever shine
To guide him home to heaven.

—J. Walker Henry in New York Graphic.

Mario as a Stage Lover.

About 1850 the famous tenor Mario was at St. Petersburg singing in a company which numbered, among others, Labiche and his daughter, then only a girl, but who afterward became the celebrated Mlle. de Caters. One day, in some opera and during the usual duo of passion, to her amazement and indignation she heard Mario, while she sang alone, whisper to her own ears: "Mia cara! Mia bella! Ama me! Lo tadoro!" So offended was she that after leaving the stage she refused to listen to the tenor's explanations, and refused to sing with him again. Some days afterward, however, from the wings she heard Mario sing the same duo, and this time with a very ugly woman, who had assumed the abandoned role. Again did the tenor fill in his "rests" with the same impassioned whispers—"Mia cara! Lo tadoro!" Then she understood. The burning avowals were only a means of keeping himself in train of retaining the emotion necessary for the continuance of his role.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Advantage of Being a Blonde.

Every year we get the cry from fashion writers, "Blondes no longer in style; they have been superseded by their darker sisters," etc. Now, that's all nonsense. You cannot do away with the blonde, nor can you do away with frizzled, banged hair. Preeminently, the blonde is the beauty of civilization. She is among us, to stay as such, and she cannot be driven away. A brunette now and then may rise superior to her by reason of wonderful loveliness, but we are speaking collectively. A woman can dress more effectively with blonde hair than with dark. It lights up better and is more youthful. A well kept blonde has ten years' advantage, in point of youthful looks, over the average brunette. Once in a lifetime or so there arises a miraculous brunette who completely surpasses her, but for steady, ordinary good looks that make no pretensions of great beauty, the blonde carries the palm. You cannot expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature. In the novels turned out during the past year there have been 382 blondes to 100 brunettes.—American Hairdresser.

A Girl's Essay on the Cow.

The following is a little girl's essay on the cow: "A cow is a wonder with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges, so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some look like a dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that killed the cat that worried the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milk men sell milk to buy their little girls' dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cud, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows."—Exchange.

Perpetual Motion.

The man with a perpetual motion machine has at last got a friend, at court in the person of Chief Clerk Lipscomb, of the patent office. He says: "Perpetual motion is an assured fact. We have models now at work that will keep at work continually until the wear and tear of the machinery stops them. The machines so far have sufficient power to run themselves from now till doomsday, but they have not the surplus power that could be used on other machinery. This is the point now that the perpetual motion man will have to work on. Some day a machine will come here that will have the required power to keep other machinery going, and it may come at any time."—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Poets' Wives.

Wordsworth had a most congenial and loving wife, who was a "phantom of delight" to him. Thomas Haynes Bayly had a wife who bestowed complete happiness upon the poet, and to whom he wrote a sonnet on her birthday every year. Barry Cornwall had a most congenial wife. It was said of him that he was willing to shut out the whole world, if he could have her beside him. Laman Blanchard's wife was so necessary to his happiness that he would not live without her, and killed himself. Both Lamartine and John Stuart Mill had wives who were perfectly congenial. All of these men were fortunate in their choice.—The Writer.

The "Mrs. Toodlees" of Washington.

Auction cranks are one prominent feature of Washington life. A red flag in front of a building will attract a crowd of this class as quickly as a sugar hog's head will draw a swarm of flies in summer time. The sale of the unclaimed odds and ends of the dead letter office is a perfect harvest for this element. And they spend money, too. It is a mania with them.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

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A Remarkable Volcano.

The city of San Salvador, the capital of the smallest and most populous Central American republic, was founded in 1538. It has been three times almost entirely destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It is eighteen miles from the sea coast, has an elevation of 2,800 feet, and is surrounded by a group of volcanoes, two of which are active, San Miguel and Izalco, and present a magnificent display to the passengers of steamers sailing along the coast, constantly discharging masses of lava which flow down their sides in blazing torrents. Izalco is as regular as a clock, the eruption occurring like the beating of a mighty pulse, every seven minutes. It is impossible to conceive of a grander spectacle than this monster, rising 7,000 feet almost directly from the sea, an immense volume of smoke, like a plume, continually pouring out of its summit and broken with such regularity by masses of flame rising 1,000 feet, that it has been named El Faro del Salvador—the Lighthouse of Salvador. It is in many respects the most remarkable volcano in the world, because its discharges have continued so long and with such regularity, and because the tumult in the earth's bowels is always to be heard. Its explosions are constant, and are audible a hundred miles off. It is the only volcano that has originated on this continent since the discovery by Columbus. It arose from the plain in the spring of 1770 in the midst of what had been for nearly a hundred years a magnificent coffee and indigo plantation.—Guatemala Star.

Quartz Dirt Consumption.

A local physician says the prevalence here of coughs, hoarseness and phlegm expectoration is not produced from taking cold, but from inhaling fine particles of quartz dust, with which the air has been filled for several months. These particles are carried into the lungs and throat and cause irritation, and the frequent coughing is the ineffectual effort of nature to rid the system of the foreign particles. The physician further stated that constant inhaling of this fine quartz dust will produce symptoms almost identical with and more speedily fatal than hereditary consumption. He cited the well known fact that the fatality among miners employed in the Crown Point and Belcher is due to the upper levels of these mines being constantly filled with quartz dust, which has played havoc with the young men employed there during the past five years. The doctor referred to christened the disease "quartz dust consumption," and says the only remedy for it is to emigrate to moister climates like Oregon or Washington territory or locate "on sands that are salt from the kiss of the sea." The preventive is to keep the streets thoroughly wet down and to cease ballasting them with quartz.—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

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A Pleasant Sort of Interview.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, whose success as a whistler has made a ripple of excitement in two continents, is very pleasantly established at the Burnet house. A Commercial Gazette representative had the pleasure of a half hour's chat with her. Mrs. Shaw is pleasantly at home in the prima donna suite of rooms on the parlor floor, and in a pretty negligee gown of striped blue and red wool, the front a la Directoire, with revers of vivid red India silk, filled in with creamy lace, she was not only worth looking at, but worth studying carefully, for she is a brunette of the Juno type, and as glorious a bit of physical perfection as the repertorial eye often rests upon. After the preliminary civilities were over, the question was put: "Now, Mrs. Shaw, tell me how one small throat can hold whistle enough to fill our big music hall?"

"It isn't a small throat, to begin with, and it sometimes seems to me, when I get a particularly delicious note between my lips, I can hold on to it forever; but I know where the breath comes from to make it. Look here!"
Mrs. Shaw untied the ribbon girdle of her gown and drew back the lace of her bodice, disclosing the superb column of her throat and a chest of extraordinary breadth, white as alabaster and firm as a rock. The length of her figure from chin to belt is unusual, and stowed away under her black satin corsets is the machinery that has whistled her into fame and fortune—a splendid pair of lungs.
"Here Mrs. Shaw just curved her red lips a little, suppressed a couple of dimples, and whistled a bar or two as sweet and clear as a blackbird, ending with a roulade, that vanished note, by note into silence. The listener thought old Chaucer knew what he was about when he wrote:
So was his lip whistled well y-wet.
—Cincinnati Commercial.

"Bullet Playing" Miners.

The Scotch miner has many ways of amusing himself. Quoits is a favorite game of his; so is a game called "rounders"—a sort of cricket—and cricket itself is popular among the younger men, but with them football is the favorite pastime. Leaping, running, throwing the hammer and tossing the caber are all practiced, and in some parts a game called "bullet playing" is in high favor. We have never seen this played except in the Lothians and Stirlingshire, and there it was at one time great amusement. Rather a peculiar amusement, too. It is played in this manner: A certain distance, say a mile out and a mile in, is fixed upon as the ground to be covered by the players, and the man who does so in the fewest number of throws is declared the winner. The bullet is a polished ball of hard whinstone, and weighs from ten to fourteen ounces, and this ball the player takes into his hand and running to a line drawn on the roadway, he swings his arm and throws with all his might. This is termed "haunching the bullet," and a good thrower can cover the mile in five or six throws. The game is one mainly of strength, but a good deal of skill can be shown in it.

Each player has a man in front to show where the bullets should be landed, and his business is to see that, if his directions are followed, the bullet of his player will have the best part of the road to run on. The game is always played on the best highway in the neighborhood, and the authorities object to it as being dangerous, although we never have heard of any accident arising therefrom. A bullet match is to the Scotch miner what a dog fight is to his Northumbrian or Staffordshire congener, or a prize fight to an East End Londoner. The fact that it is forbidden by law adds to its attractiveness, and it affords ample opportunities for betting. Bets are made on the throw, on the distance out and on the complete match, and when the two "dons" are playing excitement runs high.—Scottish World.

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The year 1889 bids fair to be one of unique significance in the political life of the nation, marking, as it does, the return of the Republican party to power after a four years' interregnum of Democratic policy, which has only served to enlighten by contrast the people's appreciation of what it has done in the past, and to emphasize the vital need of a change. The transition from the rule of the Plutocrat to that of the fifty-four Congress, and from the Democratic Presidency to the Republican, with all that these imply, will make Washington a centre of constant and increasing interest during the year; and THE JOURNAL will therefore be fortunate in having in its Washington correspondent, "Webb," a contributor whose figures and look forward to direct interpretation of current events are rarely rivaled.
Our special correspondents in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont will contribute as heretofore their timely exposures of matters in Northern New England.
The recent political campaign, like that of four years ago, has brought to the surface many doubtful and unworthy political guides, but

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While giving attention to the purport of occurrences at home, the foreign field, which promises to be of marked interest during the year 1889, will be comprehensively scanned and outlined, and, in particular, illustrate pending controversies which affect our relations with Canada and European Powers will be the subject of close observation.
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